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Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

SPECIAL CROPS.

As man advances in civilization he changes his methods of supplying his wants. The savage relies on the inmates of his own wigwam to supply his food, clothing, and implements of industry and war. The half civilized man often combines with his neighbors to accomplish something that is to be a mutual advantage, and begins to exchange with other tribes for such productions as they can produce better than he can; but it is left for a higher civilization to establish commercial intercourse with nations in distant parts of the earth, to buy the products they have to sell, and to sell them such products as are difficult for them to produce.

Our grandfathers repaired their carts, ploughs, and other farm implements, also mended their shoes, harnesses, &c., and the wife made most of the clothing; but we have gradually advanced to that point where there is a division of labor in almost every department of industry. A few years ago it required but one man to cut out and make a pair of boots or shoes, but now the division of labor is such that to make either it requires nearly a score of men. While these changes have been going on in the mechanical world, the farmer has not been idle; but with higher intelligence he has been able to understand that each crop to grow to perfection requires a peculiarity which does not apply to other crops; the moment he becomes satisfied that *he possesses the knowledge of those conditions* necessary to produce any particular crop, with the least amount of labor and material, that moment he realizes that he has it in his power to produce such crops to as good or better advantage than his neighbors.

To succeed in special crops requires a higher intelligence than it does to succeed in mixed crops, and because of this he who possesses that higher intelligence will make money easier by special than mixed crops. It is important that he who thinks of growing special crops should fully realize the fact, that because his neighbor can make money growing any particular crop, it is but little evidence that he can. Before a farmer decides to rely on any special crop he should first consider his location, the condition of his farm, the character of the soil, and most important of all, he should critically examine himself, that he may decide what crops are adapted to his farm, and are not beyond his capacity. After considering every point bearing upon the subject, and deciding what crops are best adapted to the various conditions, small fields should be planted at first, and every effort made to learn everything possible relating to the particular crop that is to be grown.

He who rushes into growing any special crop because he sees others make large profits, will be very likely to make a failure, and be very glad to go back to mixed crops as the most profitable, but he who goes in cautiously and makes himself familiar with all the conditions necessary for success, will be very likely to realize more profit than by mixed husbandry. There are several reasons why he will do so. Prominent among them may be mentioned the fact that if he has selected the right crop, one that he takes an interest in, he will make himself so thoroughly familiar with all of the details that he will make no false steps.

The farmer who follows mixed farming, and sells a dozen different crops, cannot go into the market with them in as good condition as those who make a specialty of some one of them; therefore cannot realize so high prices; and in growing them he will not be likely to have all of the tools that are well adapted to the work, as he would be very likely to if he devoted his time principally to one crop. But there is another side to this question that should not be overlooked. The farmer who confines himself principally to one crop runs the risk of losing his whole labor in an unfavorable season, while the farmer who has a great variety of crops will be very likely to have some good ones.

No doubt at present the majority of the farmers of New England will find it for their interest to follow mixed farming, but that there are some who have advanced to that position where they can make more by growing special crops, we have no doubt. This is but following the natural order of progression, which has been adopted by the mechanic in the division of labor, but as has before been stated, the division must be so directed as to bring the right labor to each condition. It is important that the conditions should not only all be favorable to the particular crop at the beginning, but they should be kept up continually. To do this is much more difficult than in growing mixed crops, because a particular crop grown year after year on the same soil exhausts it of certain elements which must be restored by the application of fertilizers which are rich in that particular material. Fortunately we have special fertilizers which are adapted to different crops, so the intelligent cultivator finds no difficulty in supplying any deficiency which any particular crop may cause. But without some knowledge of plant growth and of the chemical elements of fertilizers, expensive mistakes would be likely to occur in an effort to restore any deficiency caused by growing special crops.

A careful examination of the whole subject seems to lead to the conclusion that the growing of special crops, to be successful, requires a higher intelligence than mixed crops, and that while in a good season the profits will be likely to be much larger, in an unfavorable season they will be smaller. Thus the risk with special crops is more than mixed, but the average will be higher, provided the conditions are all favorable; if they are not favorable no one should think of confining their labors to one crop; too many have already made expensive mistakes by trying to grow extensively some particular crop on land not adapted to it, or a crop they did not understand the best methods of cultivation and of harvesting. No doubt that the more thoroughly we understand the wants of growing crops, the better shall we be able to make special crops more profitable than mixed.

MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

We acknowledge the courtesy of President T. C. Abbot of the State Agricultural College in forwarding to the *Ploughman*, an early copy of the First Biennial report of the secretary of the State Board of Agriculture of Michigan, covering the period from Sept. 1, 1880, to Sept. 30, 1882. The secretary and compiler is Robert G. Baird. Accompanying the same is a copy of the Annual Catalogue of the State Agricultural College of Michigan for 1883—'84. The Biennial Report opens with a detailed statement of the College accounts for the two years above named, which to those who are concerned with State Colleges will present numerous points of special interest and suggestiveness. Then follows the Department Reports from the officers in charge of the several departments, giving a full account of what has been done in the two years specified, and so far fulfilling the duty of the State to the United States. The message of the retiring governor, Croswell, and the inaugural message of Governor Jerome recommend a generous policy toward the College, which was carried out. The total appropriations for 1881 were $50,969.50 and for 1882, $16,194.60.

The long and thorough report of President Abbott is followed by that of the Professor of Agriculture and Superintendent of the Farm, which comprises 676 acres, 300 of which are cleared, leaving 300 acres of timber. Next follows the report of the Superintendent of the Horticultural Department; the report of the Professor of Chemistry; the report of the Zoological Department; the report of the Professor of Botany and Horticulture; report of the department of Mathematics and Civil Engineering; report of the Professor of English Literature; report of the department of History and Political Economy; and a copy of all the laws relating to the State College, which has now had an existence of twenty-five years. The annual catalogue, besides a list of the students, gives a brief history of the institution, the course of instructions pursued, a programme of lectures and recitations, a sketch of the several departments of instruction, the means of illustrations, requirements for admission, scholarship and attendance, degrees, discipline, daily routine, fees, and expenses, societies, grounds and buildings, with a plan of the same, and calendar for 1883—'4, with a convenient index. The work is all thoroughly done and shows the real character of the College whose work it serves to set forth to the public.

PLANTING POTATOES EARLY.

Why they do Better than Late Planting.

Experiments go to prove that potatoes, planted before the twenty-fifth of May do better than those planted after that date. For some reason the early planted come up stronger and have larger stalks and leaves. The conclusion drawn from an experiment tried the present year is, that the longer the seed is kept the weaker it grows; in fact that the sprouts put forth before planting exhausts the vitality of the potato, and if broken off, as they usually are when planted late, there is not sufficient force left to send up a vigorous stalk, hence the feeble condition of late planted.

To test the difference between potatoes that had been sprouted, and those which had not, a small piece of land was planted June 10; the sprouts were six inches or more in length; they were handled very carefully so as not to injure them, and planted with the sprouts above ground several inches. As the potatoes had been kept in the dark the sprouts were white and very tender, so much so that it was expected they would dry up and die before night, but much to our surprise they gradually turned green and soon began to grow; by the side of these was planted, at the same time, a portion of the same lot of potatoes with the sprouts all taken off; before these appeared above ground, those with the sprouts left on were nearly a foot in height, with stalks nearly twice as large as those from the sprouted seed were when they had attained the same size. The difference between the sprouted and unsprouted seed has continued up to the present time, to be nearly equal to what it was when the sprouted seed had been above ground a week. There is a marked difference in the size and vigor of the stalks and leaves, those from the sprouted seed being the smallest.

That the condition of the seed has much to do with the amount of the product we have long believed, but did not suppose that leaving the sprouts on, or taking them off, would make so much difference as appears in the trial so far. If the seed could be kept in a cool place where it would not sprout any, yet kept in good condition, probably late potatoes would do much better than if exhausted by sprouting.

RESEEDING MOWING LANDS.

The practice of reseeding grass lands that have become so over run with the poorer qualities of grasses, as to afford but a small crop of inferior hay, is much more general than it was ten years ago. It is found by practice, that with the improved pulverizing harrows a good seed bed can be made, without waiting to decompose the sod by planting two or three hoed crops. Land that is compartively free from rocks and stones can be turned over, the last of August or firs of September, and reseeded so that it will produce a good crop next season. Some land it pays to reseed as often as once in five or six years, but if there are rocks and stones in the way of the plough, it should not be reseeded any oftener than it is absolutely necessary to secure a fair crop of good hay.

It is not so necessary to reseed high land without cultivating hoed crops several years as it is low land, because almost every farmer desires to cultivate more or less land every year, and he finds he is more sure of a crop on high than low land; besides the cost of cultivation is much less. After planting two years he can seed it down to grass and take another piece. In this way he will get over his high landas often as it needs reseeding. But there are large tracts of low land that produce excellent crops of grass a few years after seeding down, that cannot be cultivated easily, and in fact are not suitable for hoed crops; such land should be kept in grass, and reseeded as often as necessary to keep in good varieties of grasses. When land is thus turned over to reseed it, it should lie heavily manured, a portion of which should be lasting; one half may be barn manure, but the other part should be ground bone and wood ashes, or ground bone and muriate of potash. No part of the manure should be ploughed under, but should be applied to the surface after ploughed, and mixed with the soil with a pulverizing harrow.

In seeding land down to grass it pays to make it smooth and level before the seed is sown; if any rocks are above the surface they should be removed. It is poor economy to scant the seed, better sow too much than not enough. As the season for this work is rapidly approaching, farmers should look over their fields and decide what part of them need reseeding, and prepare to begin the work in good season, for it is poor economy to delay the work beyond the first week in September.

The Poultry Interest.

POULTRY ON A LARGE SCALE.

The following sound advice is given in the Poultry Monthly:

"There are many persons of moderate means who have had perhaps some little experience with breeding poultry, and who get to wondering if it will pay to breed poultry on a large scale—whether it will pay to embark in the breeding of poultry for market purposes as a business, and if it is good policy to give up a fair paying clerkship, or small business, to engage in it. Such questions are very difficult to determine to the satisfaction of all persons concerned, for much more really depends on the person than on the business in nearly every department of human industry, and where one person may make a success of any undertaking another one may fail, though having started with equally as good chances of success. Poultry, to be successful on a large scale, must be kept in small colonies of about fifty birds each, for many more than that number in a single house is apt to cause sickness and disease, ere long, among them. Small flocks like that can be given greater attention than larger ones, and at the first approach of disorder can be seen readily and promptly checked, while there is less danger of great loss when thus kept in small flocks, as the trouble can easily be confined to the flock in which it started, by proper and prompt sanitary measures.

"When the breeder is not too far away from large retail markets, and especially where the breeder can market them himself, thus saving commission, freight and loss, it pays best to breed and keep poultry for the eggs they produce; as eggs known to be strictly fresh are always in good demand at quite an increase in price over that received for the ordinary store eggs. Such breeds as the White and Brown Leghorns, and birds bred from them, either pure-bred, cross-bred or grade, as a basis, are first-class egg-producers; while a Game cock is also valuable to breed to good common hens, producing, as a rule, vigorous, active pullets, which are invariably good layers. Those who wish to raise poultry principally for the flesh, should raise the Light Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, Dark Brahmas, or some of the Cochin breeds—the first two named, however, being generally favorites in this respect, and also combining good laying qualities under favorable circumstances. Those who cannot or will not give the poultry regular or constant attention, shelter them properly, supply proper food in liberal quantities and at frequent and regular intervals, and pay a strict attention to cleanliness and thoroughness in all the details of the management, need not expect even to succeed, not to even consider the question of loss or profits, for success and profit here means work, work, work."

Horticulture.

THE BLACK KNOT ON PLUM TREES.

Dr. B. D. Halsted, writes of a serious pest of the orchard, in the Am. Agriculturist for August.

Mr. D. D. Gaines, near Catskill, N. Y., brings us peculiarly distorted branches from his plum orchard, and complains that the trouble is a serious one, as he has over two thousand plum trees more or less affected. The cause of this distortion of the smaller branches is a fungus, and it has long been known as "Black Knot." It has often been claimed by careless observers that the swellings were due to various insects which infest the peculiar outgrowths. The parasitic fungus attacks the young branches in early spring, causing them to increase rapidly in size; rupture of the bark soon follows, and the soft substance, coming to the surface, expands in an irregular manner, and is shortly covered with a peculiar olive-green coat. The fungus plant is like many others of the same low order of vegetation, as the various moulds, mildews, etc., and consists of a multitude of fine threads, that run in all directions through the substance of the plum tree. The olive color of the surface is due to a vast number of minute bodies called spores, which are formed on the tips of the thread, and, breaking away from their attachments, serve to propagate the trouble. After the knot has grown to some size, its soft substance offers a good home for various kinds of insects, and it is rare to find such a knot that is not thus infested. This was the strong argument in favor of the view that the knots were of insect origin. The scientific name of the fungus is *Sphæria morbosa*, and this, the cause of the black knot, is as much a plant as the plum tree upon which it lives.

The olive surface-spores continue to form through the summer, and at autumn another kind of spore begins to develop within the substance of the knot. These are of slow growth, and are not ripe until the following spring. The only remedy thus far known is the judicious use of the knife. The knots should be cut off and burned whenever they are found. They are most conspicuous in the winter, when the branches are not covered with leaves; but when a tree is attacked, it is not wise to delay the removal until a more convenient time. The diseased branches should always be burned, otherwise the spores will continue to form for awhile, and thus propagate the contagious pest. If the tree is badly attacked, it may be best to remove it entirely.

The Choke Cherry is a favorite host of the black knot, as the neglected fence rows often show in winter. All such trees should be rooted out. The cultivated cherry trees are subject to attacks by the black knot, for which the same remedy as that for the plum tree is recommended. Use the pruning-knife, always at night, and cut several inches below the swelling, that all the infected portion may be removed.

SALTING CLOVER.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer says that the good effect of salting clover is unquestionable; that it brings out the full flavor of the hay, but that if too much salt is used it will be sickening. To throw into the mow or on the stack, great quantities of salt, is to absorb too much moisture, a second fermentation sets in, and mould results. In that condition it is nauseous to stock, and if growing hunger forces them to eat it, heaves and other disorders are apt to follow. A portion of the mouldiness escapes as a penetrating dust, when stirred. This gets into the lungs, and the effort of nature to expel causes an unnatural action.

Agricultural Items.

Cream from Jersey cattle is said to require less churning than that of any other breed.

Weedy pastures make poor and bitter butter. When a pasture is in a very foul condition it should be ploughed and planted with some hoed corn.

The chicken business is by no means a small affair, when we consider that the value of the eggs of the country amounts to over $75,000,000 per annum.

It is permitted now to shoot plover, snipe, sand piper, rail, or any of the marsh, beach, or shore birds, without breaking the game law of the Commonwealth.

Fowls well fed and well cared for are always in good condition for the table or for laying, but when half starved and neglected they do not put on flesh nor produce many eggs.

Beautiful flowers can be kept fresh by mixing a little carbonate of soda with the water in which the flowers are placed. Common saltpetre is likewise used for the same purpose.

The latest intelligance from the cattle centers in the Southwest shows that the business is unusually good this year. The drive is expected to reach 600,000 head, compared with 350,000 in 1882.

It is folly to turn under weeds that have gone to seed, for the seeds of most weeds, no matter how deeply buried, will retain their vitality and make rapid growth so soon as they are brought near the surface.

Learn to dry-pick chickens without tearing the skin instead of scalding them to remove the feathers. It helps the price about 20 per cent, saves the feathers dry and makes a finer flavored chicken for the table.

The demand for young heifers is greater now in the west than ever before known. Good grade Shorthorns, Holsteins and Jerseys command very high prices, while promising natives are picked up at round prices.

Hens usually pull out their feathers more or less, when infected with lice or some skin disease, the result of being compelled to roost in a filthy place. Try cleansing their roosts and rubbing an ointment made of sulphur and lard under the wings and over the body of your fowls.

The most profitable time to dispose of hens which you do not intend to keep another year is just before moulting. Watch the flocks closely the latter part of the summer and when a veteran has evidently finished her litter kill at once. Twill cost a third of all she is worth to grow a new coat of feathers and fatten her again.

It is the opinion of the New Hampshire Patriot that in the feeding of young pigs skim milk stands at the head of food, and when there is plenty of that there need be no serious uneasiness about results. Cooked corn meal may be advantageously added in small quantities to the milk.

Grass, says the Ohio Farmer, is the sheet anchor of successful farming. The proportion of grass lands in any section of the country is a pretty sure index of the degree of agricultural prosperity enjoyed, advancement made, or profit produced. Where grass is neglected labor is increased and soils are deteriorated.

Glass or porcelain eggs are much better and safer than addled or rotten ones. If they get broken, the nest is made filthy and lice invited, and unless they are marked they sometimes are mistaken for good eggs and sent to market along with the good ones, and then woe to the producer's reputation! The way to dispose of them is to crush them in the manure heap.

The San Francisco Herald says that crops throughout the length and breadth of California will be enormously greater than at this moment. The grain yield will be immense; some say 60,000 000 bushels, or a surplus for export of 1,200 000 tons of wheat. Pasturage was never better, cattle and sheep are in best possible condition, and the dairy yield greater than ever before.

Honey that is to be kept till fall or until cold weather should be kept in a cool place, but some pains must be taken or else it will sour. Kept in a damp cellar moisture will collect upon the combs and the honey become thin and sour. It is a good plan to place the boxes in the cellar until autumn when the weather gets cool, when they may be transferred to a cool room, so the moths may not get into them.

A correspondent of the Farmer's Review has practiced during several winters the plan of keeping apples in dry sand, poured into the filled barrels after storing in the cellar, and finds it "a decided improvement on any other plan ever tried," the fruit remaining till late Spring "as crisp and apparently as fresh as when first gathered." He treats potatoes in the same manner, using the same sand year after year.

The length of time that a young heifer keeps in milk after her first calf is likely to measure her staying qualities for all after life. For this reason young heifers should have their first calf in the fall. By good care and unsilaged food in winter an abundant flow can be established, which can more easily be kept up the next summer. If heifers calve in the spring they are very liable to go dry early in the next fall.

As windgalls are of frequent occurrence and often seem a bugbear in the eyes of some, we give the following from the Veterinary Journal, which is good authority on the treatment of the different diseases of horses. It says: "Windgalls may be removed by a strong decoction of white oak bark and alum. They may be reduced by blistering, from subsequent contraction of the skin. As they appear on colts and do no injury unless attended with inflammation, it might probably be policy to let them alone.

Though regarded as resentful in nature, bees are not aggressive, and they can be cared for easily by ladies and the younger members of the family, for, like animals, they are conquered by kindness. Many families in the cities rarely see honey, and are willing to purchase it whenever it comes to market; but the supply does not equal the demand. Considering the ease of production, so far as the farmer is concerned, it is profitable at any price. The profit is greatly increased on farms where clover, peas, fruit and buckwheat are cultivated.

☞ In fruit growing, remember that fruits are like grain and vegetable crops in this, that they must have manure to keep up the fertility. Unlike vegetables and grain, however, their feeding roots are mostly at the surface. It is best, therefore, annually to top-dress fruit trees. If manure cannot be had, any fresh earth from ditches or roadsides, spread a half inch or so under the trees, will have a wonderful effect.—[Western Agriculturist.

The standing hemlock trees throughout Pennsylvania appear to be dying. The leaves of the trees are brown and lifeless, and there is every evidence of premature decay. The prevailing opinion seems to be that the droughts of the past three years are the cause of this disaster, but it is by no means certain. Trees growing in low or swampy lands are as badly affected as trees on the hillsides. Many farmers are cutting down their hemlocks with a view to saving so much of the trunks as can be manufactured into lumber. The reason for the hemlock sickness is a matter that may properly engage the attention of curious inquirers.—[Phil. Record.

☞ One cow well fed and cared for is worth two that are poorly fed and cared for. Many a dairy might give away half the cows and make money by it. It is the same with the farm. One field well manured and tilled is worth half a dozen that are neglected. The owner of the former would be rich, while that of the latter will always be poor; a poor man becomes a poor farmer.—[The Dairy.

PROPAGATION BY CUTTINGS.

About the last of July is a propitious time for putting into soil cuttings of shrubs and trees, including roses and dwarf-growing evergreens. The young shoots are ripe enough then not to go into decay so readily, and yet there remains enough of the summertide of growth to heal up the wound at the base of the cutting with soft callus from which extensions will protrude that will become active roots. But this takes place slowly, requiring months with the slower growers, and the art of the propagator consists, first, in selecting suitably half-ripe cuttings, and then in keeping them through all this time of slow, weak movement, unhurt by burning sun, or parching wind, or leaching wet.

A corner shaded from full sun and wind is selected, and choice, fine sandy soil is used, with free drainage. The cuttings—two to six inches long—retain their leaves, and these must be prevented from wilting by retaining moisture about them until they have ceased their functions and ripened. For they digest and supply the organized material of which the callus and its projections are composed. A small bed of cuttings can be put in a trench or a board frame about six inches deep and so narrow that panes of glass can be laid across to retain moist air. Water can be given around this, as needed, so that the cuttings receive moisture without being drenched.

In damp weather the glass can be taken off, and if much loaded with condensed drops the panes may be turned. In larger beds a mere screen lath suffices if the vines are gently sprinkled every day in dry weather. Children can readily be taught this mode of propagation, and may begin with choice tea roses, mock orange, hydrangea or other flowering shrubs, and arbor-vitæ or junipers. The base is usually cut square or with a keen knife close below a joint. The bed is protected by a covering through winter and the rooted cuttings are set out in April.—[Lewiston Journal.

In view of the unusual depredation by insects, we give space to the following practical suggestion from one of our correspondents. He informs us that a solution of saltpetre dissolved in water, in the proportion of a tablespoonful of the former to a gallon of the latter, and applied to vines, will effectually prevent the ravages of the destructive rosebug, and, if applied around and upon cabbage and other plants, will prove a sure remedy against the cut-worm, cabbage worm, black beetle and other destructive pests.—[Western Agriculturist.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE "VIRGILIA," OR YELLOW WOOD.

BY CHARLES M. HOVEY.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In a recent notice of the Wistarias I spoke of the beautiful trees belonging to the same natural order, with flowers of similar form and habit. One of these was the Virgilia, or, as some botanists call it, Cladastrus tinctoria. It is without doubt one of our finest ornamental trees, not formal in its growth, with just foliage enough to afford ample shade, and yet not dense enough to hide its racemes of creamy colored flowers. It is one of our indigenous trees, abundant in the West, but is so rare out of its native habitat, that few have ever seen a good sized specimen, and many scarcely know there is such a fine tree. In fact, we do not know of but three or four large trees around Boston, though there may be others. There is one in the Botanic Garden at Cambridge, and one very magnificent specimen was growing in the grounds of the Messrs. Winship of Brighton, some years ago; but whether it remains there still I do not know. Our own tree is about forty feet high, and 15 to 18 inches in diameter at the ground, and was only a month ago covered with thousands of its long pendant racemes of flowers, fringing the light five pinnate leaves from the ground to the top. There are, or were, a few years since, very fine trees in the old Bartram Garden in Philadelphia. Loudon, who did not allow anything scarcely to escape his observation, devotes but a small space to the Virgilia. It does not appear to grow rapidly in Great Britain, as the largest specimens he mentions were only twenty-five feet high. Undoubtedly the climate is too cool and damp. It is a native of Tennessee, and mostly confined to that part of it between the 35th and 37th degree of latitude, where it is familiar as the Yellow Wood. It was first found by Michaux, who collected the seeds, in the vicinity of Nashville in 1812, and distributed them in France, from whence have sprung all the trees now found in Europe.

The Yellow Wood resembles the Sophora in its habit, flowers, and growth, and the elder Michaux was of the opinion it belonged to that genus. It also approaches the common Locust in its appearance, having smaller pendulous clusters of flowers.

The tree grows in its native locality to the height of thirty or forty feet, rarely exceeding forty. The bark is smooth, of a greenish color, and never furrowed as in most other trees. The leaves are six or eight inches long, and composed of two rows of leaflets, from three to five on each side, terminated with an odd one; the lower part of the footstalk contains the bud. The flowers, which appear in pendulous clusters, six inches long, are of an elegant form, white and fragrant. The seeds resemble those of the Locust and are contained in pods that differ only in being smaller and narrower. In its natural habitat it grows in preference on gentle declivities, in a loose, deep and fertile soil, usually accompanied by the Kentucky Coffee tree, &c.

The Virgilia is easily raised from seeds which may be procured in abundance from the West, or here, where the trees seed freely, our own specimen being covered with the pendulous bunches of seed pods. They ripen about the 1st of September, and should be planted at once in boxes of sandy loam, and the boxes placed in a frame during the winter, where they can have a good covering of leaves, being careful that they are not eaten by mice. They vegetate in the spring and may remain in the boxes, giving them good care, until the autumn when they will again need the protection of a frame. The second spring they may be dibbled out in nursery lines in light, rich soil, where they will soon make handsome trees. It may also be increased by grafting and by layers.

As I have stated the Virgilia ranks among the finest of our ornamental trees. Less massive in its foliage than the Magnolia and less showy in its flowers, it is still scarcely less attractive and beautiful. The airiness of its finely pinnated leaves, the elegance of its pendant clusters of fragrant white flowers, and the lively tint of its gay yellow foliage in autumn, render it an object of admiration at all times.

Years ago when I first became acquainted with the Yellow Wood, I was surprised to find so very few trees, and even after so long a time it is still only to be found on the grounds of lovers of trees, who only seem to know its claim to notice. Hardy as our own New England oaks, though by no means such a rapid grower, it should be found wherever a handsome tree is wanted, and I hope this account of it may extend its culture, and cause it to be recognized as one of the very finest of our trees, indigenous or exotic.

Perhaps I ought to say that the Virgilia is one of those trees which do not show their real merit while young, but grow richer and more beautiful as they acquire age. Our own tree, nearly forty years old, was this year far more attractive than ever before; indeed one mass of flowers.

PREPARING FIELDS FOR GRASS.

Every autumn there will be seen in the agricultural papers an article condemning the practice of pasturing mowing lands in autumn, hinting that farmers who do so do not know what is for their interest. When I read these articles I think they mean me among others. In preparing a mowing field it is advocated when finished to leave the ground as smooth as possible for the mowing machine to follow, which it does close to the ground, and if fed by stock they will go as low as the mower, and by putting the machine on again is just as bad or worse, for the stock leave something behind. When I prepare a field for grass, I do it in a way that will give me some tall grass, and to hold it up for some years. I set my knives in the mower up some three or four inches from the ground, leaving a stubble the same height, which protects the roots from the sun. I prefer to let my stock eat my second crop as they never go below the stubble. I always let my stock feed my second crop if possible, for I think it is worth a quarter more fed green than dry. The stubble holds the fine grass, and makes a warm bed for the roots in winter. I think my way of treating grass land gives me a quarter more hay in four years than close cutting. I have followed this course for fifty years and would like to see the farmer that has better success than I have had.—[L. P., in Lowell Journal.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM MICHIGAN.

NUMBER II.

BY C. L. NORTHRUP.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The upper peninsula is the wildest, most rugged, and least known of any part of the State. It abounds in wild and beautiful scenery; but, as I am speaking of Michigan as a home rather than as a place for tourists I will not speak of its beautiful scenery, nor of the many objects of interest to be found throughout the State.

The upper peninsula may be said to consist of three divisions, the eastern, middle and western. The eastern division is heavily timbered with hard wood forests, the surface gently undulating, except along the St. Mary's River where it is level, and along the shore of the great lakes where it is broken and rough. The soil is very fertile and in many places underlaid with limestone rock. Corn is not as successful a crop as in Ohio; but wheat, oats, hay and vegetables yield much larger returns than in that State. In 1881 wheat raised in Chippewa County took the first premium at the State Fair.

The middle and western divisions are mostly wild, rugged and mountainous, with here and there an elevated table-land, or a sandy plain. The country is heavily timbered with pine, hemlock and hard timber. Some excellent farming lands are to be found, yet on the whole, it is too rough for agricultural purposes. The middle region comprises what is known as the Lake Superior iron region, while in the western are to be found the greatest copper mines in the world. Lumbering is carried on to a considerable extent; and there are some good farms; yet mining forms the chief industry of the middle and western divisions.

There are large quantities of excellent farming lands to be had at reasonable prices anywhere throughout the upper peninsula. There are many large and flourishing towns, while the lumbering and mining industries make ready markets for all kinds of farm produce right at one's door, and at prices which would frighten a western man.

The climate is equable and healthful; and the country is rapidly filling up with a fine class of settlers.

Big Rapids, Michigan.

The Horse.

STABLE VENTILATION.

Many owners of stock seem to be afraid of fresh air as a church sexton, says the Examiner. When cold weather comes, they barricade their stables as closely as possible against the outer air, and having by this means secured a warmth, believe they have made their stock safe and comfortable. This is a serious error. Cattle and horses require fresh air as much as human beings do, and the same evil results follow in their case as in that of men and women shut up in a confined atmosphere which has been breathed over and over till charged into a fetid poison. Under prolonged exposure to such a poisoned air, delicate animals soon become debilitated and constitutional tendencies to disease are liable to be developed which might have remained latent or have been outlived under more favorable conditions. Even strong, healthy cattle lose vitality in a close, unventilated stable. It is the part of economy, therefore, to provide suitable ventilation for the stable; and in doing so it should be remembered that not only the consumption of air by the confined animals—equal to about 4,000 gallons for a full grown beast during every twenty-four hours—but the exhalations from their excrement must be taken into the account. Nor must be forgotten that while an abundance of fresh air is essential to health, warmth is equally so. The problem is to secure thorough ventilation without unduly lowering the temperature. Especially should draughts about the feet, as through cracks in the floor communicating with the outer air, be carefully guarded against. All this involves expenses; but the outlay for healthy winter quarters for live stock is soon recovered. The food given does its work better; the stock fatten more rapidly and in better condition, and so sell for a higher price at less cost for production; work animals are stronger and more enduring, and hence do better service on the same expenditure for food and care; and the loss from disease, as carefully conducted experiments prove, is very greatly reduced. The stable need not be a palace; but its arrangements for securing warmth and fresh air should be as complete, in their degree, as those of a house for human habitation—a good deal more complete, indeed, than most people seem to think essential.

The Apiary.

HOW TO ITALIANIZE.

[Maryland Farmer.]

First, procure a good queen from a reliable breeder, and when the queen arrives, if in a movable frame hive, commence on one side of the hive and take out one or two frames and shake off the bees so as to be sure that the black queen is not on them. Now have a new hive; put the two frames in and set in place of the old hive, and carry the old hive and remaining bees some six or eight rods away, then examine each frame carefully until the black queen is found, then kill her, or make a new colony by giving her about half of the frames, and set it some distance from where it first stood. Queens are mostly sent in a cage one inch thick and two inches square. Take this cage and lay it on a frame of brood, near the top bar, and with a sharp knife cut out a piece of comb just as large as the cage and no larger. Now remove the two tacks that hold the tin gate, but do not let the gate slip out of place; slip the cage in the hole cut in the comb with the gate down; be sure the gate is in the right place so it will be impossible for the queen to get out; place the frame in the hives just as they were, and leave it for thirty-six to forty-eight hours; then remove the tin gate, but leave the cage in position, and with a sharp, tin knife give two or three cuts just below the opening, but do not remove any comb; now close the hive and the bees will know their way out; but before closing the hive, be careful to destroy all queen cells. In about five days open the hive and see if all is right, and remove the cage. The above plan is intended for those who have had but little experience at the business, and not for the practical apiarian.

☞ The Buff Cochins are among the largest barnyard fowls. They have many friends among poulterers and fanciers. Although large, they do well in confined quarters, but are better adapted to the farm, where they can have more freedom. They cross well with other breeds, and are good layers. It is claimed that the hens are among the best of all win

The Poet's Corner.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

MY SERENADE.

BY ELIZA P. MORIARTY.

Just after the fitting of daylight,
Ere the shadow of night descends,
While the fires in the west are burning,
That I look for my feathered friends.

I hear in the azure above me
A warble familiar and sweet,
The flutter of wings floating downward,
And the melody dies at my feet.

As under the wide-spreading chestnuts
I stand in the bloom ankle-deep,
The buttercups nodding around me,
And daisies just dropping, to sleep.

Again through the silence a warble
Breaks suddenly sweet on the ear,
And two robin redbreasts are pouring
Their souls out in cadences clear.

They sing, and tears' tremulous fountain
Is stirred to its depths at that strain;
Each note of enchantment awakening
A slumbering pleasure or pain.

The breeze holds its breath and is listening;
The leaves whisper low on each spray,
And I on the pinions of fancy
Am floating away and away.

The scene melts to naught, and before me
The ocean's wild waves sweep the shore,
The friends of my heart are beside me,
And joy reigns triumphant once more.

The future, a dream of delusion,
Lies pictured in glory afar,
While hope o'er our visioned horison
Shines lovely as evening's lone star.

I turn with a sigh from the by-gone,
This fair happy scene fills the view,
My serenade ceases, and slowly
Night's shadow encircles the blue.

July, 1883.

Ladies' Department.

THE SERGEANT'S WILL.

A STORY OF HARE COURT.

CHAPTER I.

'Mr. Warrington, I believe?'

Simple words and true as far as that I am Mr. Warrington; but this I can assert that never had words so taken me by surprise, nor has my name ever been put to me under more singular circumstances. That this may be clear I must explain. As shortly as I can I will do so, for I dislike explanation, and would have my judge, when I am moving the court, know beforehand, if possible, what my point is.

I am a barrister, as you guess, and my chambers are in Hare Court; it is the most ancient, quiet and retired place in the Temple, just on your right if you come in by the archway at the bottom of Chancery Lane. My number is of no importance; in fact abundant reasons will appear why I should be reticent as to it. One reason, which will not appear, but a very cogent one nevertheless, being that solicitors are not fond of counsel who rush into print, unless their incubations are bound in calf. I have one room in which I sit myself, and the undivided half of a clerk's room and a passage; the rest of the set are occupied (I am talking of a time six months back) by Sergeant Greathead, Q. C., of the Western circuit, whose large room in the rear is the only comfortable and well-furnished one, my rooms being as dingy and cheerless as most ground floor apartments in the Temple. A couple of doors shut us in, but the oak is only sported when the clerks leave at seven. Then our chambers, not very lively during the day time, are abandoned to darkness, silence and the mice. In a word, they are merely offices.

Well, about the time I have mentioned, I was obliged, no matter why—perhaps because over my dinner at the Suffolk Street Club I discovered a fallacy in the opinion to be sent out the next morning—I found myself obliged, for the first time for certainly a year, to go to my chambers after dinner. The clock at St. Clement Danes was striking the half hour after nine as I turned into the lonesome and echoing Temple. I opened my outer door with my key, after ascertaining that I had some matches in my pocket and did the same to the inner door, drawing the oak to behind me, and shutting it; then I stood still. It was very odd!—all should have been in darkness, but from the keyhole of the Sergeant's room a bright ray of light shone steadily, and from within came the familiar sound of the rustling of papers. It was very odd. I had known the Sergeant say he never worked at night, and certainly I had heard of his coming up to chambers in the evening. Very singular that we should both be there on this particular night! At any rate, I would see if it was all right. I opened his door and walked in quietly, an apology on my lips. The room, as I have said, a spacious one, was brilliantly lighted, the table with papers and books; but no Sergeant Greathead was there! Some one was, though, a vengeance.

'Mr. Warrington, I believe.'

With one hand resting upon the table and pressing some among the papers which littered it, stood the speaker, a lady! Apparently about five and thirty, she was tall and of a good figure, her dress handsome though simple. A veil obscured much of her face, which I could see was pale and tired. Either her complexion was naturally colorless, or agitation had driven the blood from her cheeks; the latter, I conjectured, since her left hand was pressed to her side. I stood dumb-founded, and at least twice this unexpected apparition repeated the words I have set down. Who was she, and what on earth was she doing at my room at this time of night in our chambers? As far as I remember I said at last in a bewildered tone, still holding the door handle:

'Yes, certainly, I am Mr. Warrington.'

'You must be surprised to find me here. I am Sergeant Greathead's niece.

'Oh, yes!' I answered with a bow and a vain attempt to indicate by my tone that I thought this a perfectly satisfactory explanation of her presence at 9:30 in his chambers; 'Oh, yes.'

'He is rather unwell this evening, and thought he would like to have some papers to read, in case he should not sleep. I have volunteered to fetch them—was it not bold of me?—and my cab is waiting in Fleet street.'

'The Sergeant not well! I am very sorry. Can I give you any assistance?' From the appearance of the table she must have undone most of the bundles in search of the right papers, such was the litter upon it. She really was a very good looking woman.

'You can undo the harm you have innocently caused, Mr. Warrington, by getting me a glass of water, if you will be so kind. You startled me not a little. I was prepared to find darkness and loneliness, but not to meet any one.'

'If I have frightened you I do wish I had stayed away—which is unselfish,' I added gallantly; but it is curious that fate should have led me here tonight for the first time this year.'

'Yes; not only curious, Mr. Warrington, provoking, also.'

I laughed and hastened to my room, lit a candle and drew some water from the filter. There was a flavor of romance about this, and yet, handsome as she was, and singular as were the circumstances, something repelled me. I had not got over the start she caused me perhaps.

'Are you sure that you have got what you want?' She had replaced the papers and cleared the table with wonderful deftness while I was away. She was standing now by the fireplace, evidently ready to go.

'I have, thank you,' she answered rather thoughtfully; 'perhaps you would be good enough to escort me to my cab, my nerves have hardly recovered yet.'

She smiled bewitchingly as she spoke what I took for bandinage, but the next instant I saw that it was true enough. We were moving toward the door, and I had just said, 'With pleasure,' when a heavy footstep, coming along the passage outside, made itself clearly heard even through the closed doors. It halted a couple of seconds as if going no further, then it proceeded on and up the stairs. Well, just during the second or two that it halted at the door, I saw my companion's face—it had turned white again and had the same nervous expectant expression I had first observed. Her nerves had not recovered the surprise of my sudden entrance.

'It would hardly do for any one to find me here,' she said with a forced laugh, finding my eyes fixed upon her face.

'No!' but that was so like your uncle's footstep that it did not alarm me.'

She did not smile as I expected. On the contrary, she helped to unfasten the outer door with almost petulant eagerness. Once in the open air she breathed more freely, but she hardly spoke again except to thank me when I put her into the cab.

'I hope the Sergeant will sleep to-night and not need his papers,' were my last words, which she only acknowledged by a bow, as she threw herself back. But I had cause, as will be seen, to remember them.

I did not get much work done that night, quiet as it was; my visitor had unsettled me, I suppose. Twice I thought I heard some one in the Sergeant's room, and was foolish enough to take a light and go and see. Of course, there was no one there; so after a short time I gave it up and went home to bed.

The next day, be it observed, was Sunday. I pass on as briefly as I can: at breakfast on the Monday I received a more serious shock. Among the items of intelligence in The Morning Post appeared this paragraph (it will save me much explanation): 'We regret to have to announce the sudden death, at his residence, Gloucester Road, of Mr. Sergeant Greathead, Q. C., of the Western Circuit, Recorder of Diddlehan. His decease, which took place very suddenly on Saturday evening, was caused by a heart complaint from which the learned gentleman had for some time suffered.'

'Umph,' said I to myself, and, being a lawyer, began to think and to put two and two together, not without now and again a little eerie feeling down the small of my back. Mr. Sergeant Greathead died on Saturday evening. On Saturday evening, before or after the event is not proved, a lady is occupied all alone among Mr. Sergeant Greathead's papers in his chambers, and, though this I was not quite sure about, among the drawers of his private writing table. 'Umph!' well, I was never on very intimate terms with the old gentleman, who was thirty years my senior, and it is no particular business of mine. It's all right, or will come so in the end, doubtless. And I put on my boots and coat and went down to chambers and discussed the old gentleman's death, with the due amount of sympathy, with his clerk, and forwarded a letter of condolence to the family, of whom I knew nothing, applied to the treasurer of the Inner Temple to take on the Sergeant's chambers, and did my usual work and lived my usual life for four days. Then something happened. Thomas, my boy, showed in to me 'our Mr. Ford, of Ford, Ford and Bittle, of Staple's Inn,' whom I knew to be the late Sergeant's solicitors. 'A new client,' said I to myself, with much excitement. With a judicious mixture of courtesy and dignity I waved him to a seat; which was all thrown away.

'Now, perhaps you can help me, Mr. Warrington,' he said, after a few preliminary observations which sufficiently enlightened me. 'Have you any idea where our poor friend is likely to have put his will?'

'Not the slightest. We were not on very intimate terms, though the best of friends. Have you searched his cupboard and books?'

'Carefully. Yet I feel sure that it is here. The day he signed it he said to me, 'Here you'll find it when it's wanted, Ford,' and he tapped the table so that I took it for granted he meant to lock it up there.'

'What family has he left, Mr. Ford?'

'He was never married. His niece, a remarkably nice girl, has lived with him for a year. Except a distant cousin, who acted as a kind of house-keeper, she was his only connection.'

'Was his niece a great favorite of his?'

'Yes, of late, very much so. Her mother and the Sergeant did not get on; a year ago the mother died, and Mr. Greathead, who was a good man at bottom, took the girl home. I don't mind telling you that the missing will leaves her nearly everything.'

'What!' I cried, in huge astonishment, 'leaves her nearly everything?'

'Yes; and very natural, too; why not?'

Up to this moment I had had, since the lawyer opened his business to me, but one idea, which was, that on the night on which the old man died, his niece, this 'very nice girl,' had come to his chambers, searched for the will, and, for her own advantage, abstracted and destroyed it. Had done that, and had, into the bargain, startled me first and fooled me afterward. But how about this, 'Cui bono.

'I can't make it out!' I said, slowly, nursing my chin.

'Not can I!' cried the other briskly.

'Is the niece, Miss—Miss Greathead, of a very Quixotic spirit—at all likely to burn the will, or benefit some one else?'

'She's not so mad as to throw away seventy thousand pounds, if you mean that. Good heavens, sir, what suggested such a thing to you?'

I told him all that had occurred on the Saturday night, just as I have related it above. If my readers feel a tithe of the wonder he expressed, I am satisfied with my narrative. Merely Mr. Ford's clerk, and if his face and figure were not familiar sights in the offices of Messrs. Ford, Ford and Bittle, why Mr. Ford had a right to engage a special clerk for business of so confidential a nature as this. There were not many present. The tall, grasious, almost queenly woman sitting near the fire with her back to the light and a large black fan in her hand is Miss Chilling, 'third cousin to the deceased,' as the newspapers would say. The fair nervous girl by the table is Miss Clive Greathead; observe that her pale face flushes a little as she shakes hands with 'our Mr. Ford.' In the background are old Humphreys, the clerk, and several servants.

'Then you say the will is here which I think I ought to read,' says the lawyer, softly, taking his seat at the end of the table. 'The first is dated 1879, the second about a year back. A third will was made within the last six months, but I regret to say that our poor friend must have destroyed it, intending of this, I have no doubt, to make another in its place. In the midst of life, we are—yes, indeed!'

Having uttered this in low but clear tones he takes from me, I mean from the clerk who produces them from his black bag, some papers, and proceeds in more business-like tones to read the 'last will and testament of Jonathan Greathead, of Gloucester Road, in the County of Middlesex; and of Hare Court, the Temple, in the city of London, barrister-at-law.'

'The purport is this,' said he, after the usual flood of verbiage had passed for the most part harmlessly over our heads, 'that the bulk of the testator's estate would go to his cousin, Miss Chilling, and a share, very much smaller, but still considerable, to Miss Greathead. In one respect I very much regret that my task does not end with this will.'

Then we all listen to another last will and testament, and a fresh current of conveyancer's English, much shorter than the last, however, is let loose upon us. One person in the room, I can safely assert, feels on the rack, and Miss Chilling's fan never stays, but flutters, now slowly, now with a sudden impetus. And no wonder: her fortune of £45,000 pounds is swept away as by a stroke of the pen, and a miserable £500 all that is given her instead. Of the residue, after payment of certain legacies to the servants, clerks and others, the whole is given to Miss Greathead. When he ceased, the woman by the fire rose grandly to her full height.

'This is not the final arrangement our friend intended to make; so much I know; it is a sad lesson of the danger of procrastination, even in the wisest of us.' Thus Mr. Ford, in a low, apologetic tone, busy with the paper.

'Oh, Edith, I am very sorry!' Miss Greathead had risen, too, and put her hand upon the elder woman's shoulder. The servants were filing out. Miss Chilling pushed the other aside, not cruelly, but as if she were in the way.

'The will! show me the will!' she said, in hoarse, low tones, holding out one white hand imperatively. Mr. Ford handed it to her without a word. She took it to the window and examined it carefully. Wonderful as under the circumstances was her self-command, one could hear the paper rustle in her shaking hands. In a moment she faced us.

'You did not draw this will?'

'No,' Mr. Ford answered; nervously, 'he took, I suppose, other advice. The attesting witnesses are Mr. Warrington, who, you may be aware, has chambers—had, I should say—with the Sergeant and the laundress, who died some months ago. So it is evident that it was made at chambers.'

There was an uncomfortable silence for a moment. Then Miss Chilling crossed the room and rang the bell.

'Is Mr. Humphreys still here?' she said to the servant.

'Yes, Miss.'

'Ask him to come to me, if you please.'

'My clerk shall fetch him,' cried Mr. Ford, hastily, with a glance first at the servant and then at his unprepossessing follower.

'No,' said Miss Chilling, imperatively. We all stood still and listened to the clock ticking solemnly, till the old clerk appeared.

'Humphreys,' she said, with a strange yearning in her tone, a sudden softening as it were, 'please to examine this signature, and tell me if it is your late master's.'

He was her last hope.

The old man slowly took out and put on his glasses. Miss Greathead, nervous and frightened, cowered in the window seat. Mr. Ford looked steadily into the fire. I fancy he saw there a short law report, headed, 'In the matter of Charles Henry Ford, gentleman, one, etc.,' or it might be more short'y, 'In the matter of a solicitor.' As for his clerk, I can answer for it, that no heart in the room was going pit-a-pat like his. How long Humphreys was poring over it! At last he spoke, and then with torturing slowness.

'Ah, that's his writing sure enough, God bless him.'

Then two of us drew such a sigh of relief, as, well I am at a loss for a sufficiently strong metaphor, but at any rate it was a very deep sigh.

Mr. Ford murmured a few words of condolence to the one lady, and of congratulation to the other; and he and his clerk got themselves out of the room as well as they could. The last seen of Miss Chilling, she was brooding over the fire, with a face ever so much older, as it seemed to us, than that which had shone in the dusk behind her flattering fan.

'Upon my honor,' Ford whispered to his confidential clerk, as the door closed behind them, 'I am almost afraid to leave them together.'

'Pooh, your young woman hasn't made a will.'

'Why? what! you don't think she—?' He stood still.

'The Sergeant? No, I don't. I've seen his doctor. She was first on the scene, that's all; a couple hours before any one else, I expect.'

'What if our plan doesn't answer? How long are we to keep it up?'

'A week won't do us harm; then, if nothing turns up, we must find out something wrong with the previous document. But I don't think she is inclined to fight.' And the confidential clerk of Ford, Ford and Bittle linked his arm with that of 'our Mr. Ford' with astonishing freedom, and an utter forgetfulness of his seedy hat and boots.

John Warrington, barrister-at-law, was sitting alone in my room next day when Thomas came in.

'A lady to see you, sir.' I was not greatly surprised.

'Show her in. Good gracious! How do you do? Please to take a seat, miss—ah, yes, Miss Greathead. Very sad things have happened since I saw you last.' It was my former visitor, the Sergeant's niece.

'Yes, indeed; they are too fresh to be spoken of. I have called to ask you a question, Mr. Warrington, and I am sure I may trust to your discretion.'

'Absolutely,' I assented, warmly.

'Please do not think it an odd one. I have a reason. Do you remember witnessing my uncle's signature about a year ago?'

I simply use this as a judgment, aided by what I know of phrenological science. It was shortly after our marriage that Mr. Lamson and I were discussing household affairs, and to a pathetic remark of mine on expected trouble with servants as a matter of course, my husband replied, laughing, 'Why not try Phrenology and see what it can do for you?' The idea struck me as a good one, and that afternoon when our purchased Combe's System, and set to work to study it carefully. I remember well the pleasure it gave me when I happened on the place where he speaks of the help a knowledge of the science may be in selecting servants, and I never enjoyed anything more in my life than making experiments and observations on the heads of people who permitted me to examine them. The first time, however, I put the science to use in obtaining a domestic was a considerable trial; it seemed as if I never should find a person who could meet all my tests, and the woman whom I finally took home appeared so unfavorably in the eyes of my husband that I was almost persuaded to send her away at once; but full of faith in Combe, I gave the poor thing a chance, and had the satisfaction of finding that she was a prize indeed.'

'The testimony of two witnesses is true,' said Mrs. Stewart, looking at her visitor admiringly. 'I think that I shall have to try your method. Will you have the kindness to advise me in the choice of books, and give me a suggestion now and then?'

'With pleasure. I am myself but a student in the realm of human nature, to which Phrenology is one of the grand gateways, and a fellow-student would be to me most acceptable. You must know that in studying the characters of others we are led to study ourselves more and more, and the result of earnest work of this kind is such practical knowledge that we can adapt ourselves to those we meet, and so promote the usefulness of social intercourse. In our homes such knowledge leads us to be kind and considerate, especially of those who perform the drudgery of household service. We can make allowances for their ignorance and coarseness, and give them that timely instruction and encouragement which nearly every one will gratefully accept when she sees that you are sincere in your expressions of interest.'

'I am reminded, dear Mrs. Lamson, of a case Miss Phelps told me about. She said that you had a girl for a long time whom her mother tried and found utterly good for nothing, incorrigibly obstinate, and very irritable. You, on the contrary, pronounced her energetic and capable. I mean Lydia—Lydia Bastleton, I think was her name. I remember it because of the astonishment your opinion caused the Phelpses, and when Julia and I have been comparing notes in household affairs, she has several times alluded to it.'

'Yes, I happened to be without a girl. You know I keep but one and Lydia came to me after her discharge by Mrs. Phelps. I was not altogether pleased by her appearance, but she was in much distress, and after a little talk I obtained her confidence. She told me that on account of her bad temper she could not please people. I said, 'You can stay with me for a while at any rate, and we shall see what can be done with that bad temper.' She was somewhat trying at times, but I managed to get along with her very well after a month or two. She was the best laundress I ever had, and very kind to my Alice, who was then only ten months old. In fact, I never saw greater delight and devotion in a hired girl than Lydia showed when she was permitted to have the care of Alice. Her mother instincts were very strong. She is married now and doing nicely. She even accepted my advice with regard to the man she married.'

'How remarkable!' exclaimed Mrs. Stewart, clasping her hands in wonder. 'You don't mean to say that you went so far as to care about what sort of a husband your servant girl fished up?'

'Why not? The philosophy I learned from reading Combe, Spurzheim, Browne, and other writers on Phrenology taught me the duty of helping others as I had opportunity. Ah, my friend, we must look upon our kitchen and house helps as something more than machines out of which is to be ground a certain amount of service for a certain amount of pay. Kindness, courtesy, good counsel, sympathy, are not lost on them. I believe that it is the great lack of such treatment which makes so large a proportion of them careless of their employers' interests, and in too many cases gives a bias to vice and evil ways.'

Mrs. Lamson rose to go, and as the ladies parted at the door, Mrs. Stewart remarked, 'I'm in earnest about studying Phrenology with you, and will begin whenever it suits your conveniences.'

'Very well,' replied Mrs. Lamson, 'expect me day after to-morrow, at 3 o'clock, for the first lesson.'

DOUBT.

[Christian Register.]

I knelt me down to pray,
But I was dumb;
My lips refused to utter what my heart would say,
For I was sad and weary, tempest tossed,
And on the voyage of life my faith seemed lost
Or well nigh wrecked; and words to me
Seemed very heights or depth of blasphemy.
I, struggling, 'tilt my anguish rising higher,
At length cried, "God in heaven! if God there be,
Look down in pitying mercy upon me;
Give me, oh, give to me my heart's desire!"
Then seemed a voice, in piteous accents low,
To answer, "Mortal! thou of little faith, I know
Thy burden grievous and thy woe;
But art thou, then,
To be exempted from the lot of men?
To live is e'er to suffer. Doth desire
Consume thee as an inward fire?
And think'st to escape the penalty?
As gold refined is through seeming loss,
So must thy soul, through doubt and pain, from dross
Be freed, ere thou shalt reach at last thy heart's desire."

EDUCATION OF THE ELEPHANT.

The most striking feature in the education of an elephant is the suddenness of his transition from a wild and lawless denizen of the forest to the quiet, plodding, good-tempered, and cheerful beast of draught or burden. There takes place in the keddah, or pen of capture, a mighty struggle between the giant strength of the captive and the ingenuity of man, ably seconded by a few powerful tame elephants. When he finds his strength utterly overcome by man's intelligence, he yields to the inevitable, and accepts the situation philosophically. Sanderson once had a narrow escape from death while on the back of a tame elephant inside a keddah attempting to secure a wild female. She fought his elephant long and viciously, with the strength and courage of despair, but she was finally overcome by superior numbers. Although her attack on Sanderson in the keddah was of the most murderous description, he states that her conduct after her defeat was most exemplary, and she never afterward showed any signs of ill-temper.

Mr. Sanderson and an elephant-driver once mounted a full-grown female elephant on the sixth day after her capture, without even the presence of a tame animal. Sir Emerson Tennent records an instance where an elephant fed from the hand on the first night of its capture, and in a very few days evinced pleasure at being patted on the head. Such instances as the above can be multiplied indefinitely. To what else shall they be attributed than philosophic reasoning on the part of the elephant? The orang-outang, so often put forward as his intellectual superior, when captured alive at any other period of life than that of helpless infancy, is vicious, aggressive, and intractable for weeks and months, if not during the remainder of its life. Orangs captured when fully adult exhibit the most tiger-like ferocity, and are wholly intractable.

If dogs are naturally superior to elephants in general intellect, it should be as easy to tame and educate a newly-caught wild dogs or wolves of mature age as newly-caught elephants. But, so far from this being the case, it is safe to assert that it would be *impossible* to train the most intelligent company of pointers, setters, or collies ever got together to perform the feats accomplished with such promptness and accuracy by all regularly trained circus elephants.

The superiority of training of circus elephants up to the required working point is so fully conceded in India that the market value of an animal depends wholly upon his age, sex, build, and the presence or absence of good tusks. The animal's education is either sufficient for the buyer, or, if not, he knows it can be made so.—[From "The Mental Capacity of the Elephant," by William T. Hornaday, in Popular Science Monthly for August.

THE BEST FIRE TO BROIL A STEAK.

Now, let us suppose a similar beefsteak to be cooked by radiant heat, with the least possible co operation of convection.

To effect this, our source of heat must be a good radiator. Glowing anthracite, where radiators than ordinary flames; therefore glowing charcoal, or ordinary coal, after the bituminous matter has done its flaming, should be used, and the steak or chop may be placed in front or above a surface of such glowing carbon. In ordinary domestic practice it is placed on a gridiron above the coal, and therefore I will consider this case first.

The object to be attained is to raise the juices of the meat throughout to about the temperature of 180 deg. Fahr. as quickly as possible, in order that the cookery may be completed before the water of these juices shall have had time to evaporate to any considerable extent; therefore the meat should be placed as near to the surface of the glowing carbon as possible. But the practical housewife will say that, if placed within two or three inches, some of the fat will be melted and burn, and then the steak will be smoked.

Now, here we require a little more chemistry. There is smoking and smoking—smoking that produces a detestable flavor, and smoking that does no mischief at all beyond appearances. The flame of an ordinary coal-fire is due to the distillation and combustion of tarry vapors. If such a flame strikes a comparatively cool surface like that of the meat, it will condense and deposit thereon a film of crude coal-tar and coal naphtha, most nauseous and rather mischievous; but, if the flame be that which is caused by the combustion of its own fat, the deposit on a mutton-chop will be a little mutton-oil, on a beefsteak a little beef-oil, more or less blackened by mutton-carbon or beef-carbon. But these oils and carbons have no other flavor than that of cooked mutton and cooked beef; therefore they are perfectly innocent, in spite of their guilty black appearances.—[From "The Chemistry of Cookery," by W. Mattieu Williams, in Popular Science Monthly for August.

JOHN BULL AND THE YANKEE.

An Englishman who was traveling on the Mississippi river told rather tough stories about London thieves. With a silent but expressive "Humph!" a Cincinnati man name Case heard these narratives, and then remarked that the Western thieves beat the London operators all hollow. "How so?" inquired the Englishman, with surprise. "Pray, sir, have you lived much in the West?" "Not a great deal." "Well," said Case, "my brother once lived out West; but he had to leave, although his business was the best in the country." "What business was he in?" "The lumber business—he had a saw-mill." "And they stole the lumber?" "Yes, and saw-logs too." "Saw-logs!" "Yes, whole dozens of black walnut logs were carried away in a single night." "Is it possible?" "True, upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to prevent it; but it was of no use. Just to give you an idea how they steal out there," continued Case, giving a sly wink at the listening company—"Well, one day my brother bought a fine black walnut log four feet-three at the butt, and not a knot in it. He then determined to keep that log anyhow, and hired two Scotchmen to watch it all night. Well, they took a small demijohn of whiskey with them, snaked the log up the hill, built a fire, and then sat down on the log to play cards, just to keep awake, you see. 'Twas a monstrous big log —had two inches thick. Well, as I was saying, they played cards and drank whiskey all night, and when it began to grow light they went to sleep astraddle the log. About a minute after daylight brother George went over to the mill to see how they were getting on; and the log was gone!" "What were the Scotchmen doing?" "Sitting on the bark! The thieves had driven an iron wedge into the butt-end which pointed down the hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on and drew it right out of the shell, leaving the Scotchman there astraddle of it fast asleep."

☞ Let a man learn that everything in Nature, even motes and feathers, goes by law and not by luck, and that what he sows he reaps.—[Emerson.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE AMERICAN BANDS OF MERCY.

One Year's Work.

By the Secretary, the Rev. Thomas Timmins, and Joint Founder of the Movement with Geo. T. Ansell, Esq.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

To-day, the 28th of July, 1883, is the first anniversary of the American Band of Mercy movement. The story of the year astonishes not less the general public than the Founders. They indeed hoped and prayed, and have ardently worked for large results, but those really gained have far exceeded their most sanguine expectations. With devout gratitude to God they can only humbly say that they have been the willing instruments of Divine Providence in carrying on and out its wise designs of kindness, thoughtfulness, and mercy. May it not be both profitable and cheering, to further and larger effort in the future, to survey the past, and briefly refer to the work actually accomplished. A year ago, the American Band of Mercy movement was yet to be; to-day, it is a beneficent fact, with 475 Bands, formed and forming, with more than 52,000 members, and the Bands are still fast increasing. Little did we dream as we knelt in prayer to found and consecrate the movement to God and the happiness of His creatures, in the room in which we are writing, that such would be the outcome and rapid growth of the cause of Mercy in one short year. But then, who can properly estimate what prayer, faith, work and perseverance can achieve? This is truly the lesson of the ages which both the world and men are constantly learning.

But even the Bands formed, and number of members given, do not give a true and thorough idea of the work actually done. Look at some of the facts. Not a few of the best and leading men and women of Americs and of the world, and especially the philanthropists, have had their attention called to the importance and benign influence of the objects of the Band of Mercy, many of whom at once gave it a warm welcome and enrolled themselves in its ranks. Among these, and one of the first to join, and since its steady staunch friend,—we record the fact with grateful feeling,—was Mr. Geo. Noyes of the *Massachusetts Ploughman*. Some commenced to tell the story in their homes, towns, and neighborhoods, while others sent the kindest words of good cheer, asking for further information and materials to help in the cause. The Humane Societies of the world have especially been moved in this direction.

The religious, secular, and educational press of Boston, and of many other parts of the country, heartily welcomed the movement, and in articles, or notices of its growth, have conveyed its aims and lessons of mercy and love to millions of the young and old all over the land.

The Bands and members, while mainly in Massachusetts, extend from Boston to Quebec, Puget Sound, San Francisco, and New Orleans, and then crossing the ocean, have representatives in Europe and Asia, thus encircling the world.

All the denominations, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, gave a warm reception to the work, and to-day its Bands are in their schools and churches; also in colleges, ladies' seminaries, public and parochial schools, private homes and towns, and who can tell the number of kinds words and blessed deeds the Band of Mercy movement has called into being to make these, and all life, more pleasant and happy?

Probably, with the 52,000 members, between one and two hundred thousand persons have heard the story of Mercy from the lips of the founders, in lectures, sermons, addresses, and otherwise.

Again, many thousands, in turn, have heard of its lessons of love from these.

Still farther, great numbers of others have been present at Band of Mercy meetings, held more or less, all over the country, and they have been impressed and delighted with its word and work.

Even over the water, its influence has been felt, and its rapid progress has led to great results. After the movement here had become so signal and successful, the leaders of the English Bands were aroused, and the result of a large meeting held in London, under the able Presidency of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, was that a similar organization was formed with which we started here, and then the Bands were connected with the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with the Baroness Burdett Coutts as President of the Committee, having the work in charge, and the Queen as Patron. Even more than this, the Queen has just had made under her own care and superintendence, a metal badge for the use of the English Bands, on one side bearing the Royal Arms. More than 22,000 of our own beautiful gold gilt and silver-washed badges have been sold, while tens of thousands of its handsome cards of membership are in offices, homes and schools, all over the land, doing their quiet but effective missionary work. The Band of Mercy History, of eighty pages, full of engravings, and sketches and information of the movement, has met a real want, and is meeting with much favor and appreciation in all directions.

Now, let friends and members calmly think over these facts, and then, the gracious influences of these, on human and dumb life, making both more sweet, healthy and happy, all powerfully tending to promote the best and holiest sentiments of religion, kindness, mercy, love and thoughtfulness, and education of the heart and life in their noblest and most lasting qualities, and we think, and feel assured, that they will gladly unite with us in devout gratitude to the Almighty for all His goodness, and at the same time, take courage and inspiration for new and faithful work in His great world, for the blessing and well being of all His creatures.

Boston, July 1883.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY JENNIE WOOD.

The right to watch while others sleep,
The right o'er others' woes to weep,
The right to succor in distress,
The right when others curse to bless,
The right to love when others scorn,
The right to comfort all who mourn,
The right to shed new joy on earth,
The right to feel the soul's high worth,
The right to lead the soul to God,
Along the path her Saviour trod;
Such woman's rights God will bless
And crown her champion with success.

THE SHARK'S ATTENDANT.

In the Carribean Sea some of the fishermen use a fish—the remora—in the capture of turtles. The fish is the well-known attendant upon the shark, having a disk-like sucker upon its head, with which it clings to large fishes. The extent to which this labor saving arrangement is used is shown in the fact that the upper side of the fish, that in others is generally dark, is light, and the under side dark. So powerful is the sucker that fifteen or twenty pounds can be lifted by taking the fish by the tail, and by careful playing in the water a large turtle can be caught. The fishermen take the remoras out in a tub of water in their boats, and have a leather strap attached to a long line that is fitted about the fish's tail. At the approach of a turtle the fish is loosed over, and remembering its old friend, or instinctively, it attaches itself, and so the reptile, after towing the boat, is gradually brought alongside and subdued, and the remora placed in the tub to await a second appearance. The remora attains a length of a foot and a half, and attend sharks and turties, and have also been seen about a large porgie. Numbers of small animals are used indirectly as lures to game, showing that the economic value of animals in this respect is of no little importance even at the present day.

LIFETIME OF VARIOUS ANIMALS.—Camels live from forty to fifty years; horses average from twenty-five to thirty; oxen, about twenty; sheep, eight or nine; and dogs, twelve to fourteen. Concerning the ages attained by non-domesticated animals, only a few isoolated facts are known. The East Indians believe that the life-period of the elephant is about three hundred years, instances being recorded of these animals having lived one hundred and thirty years in confinement after capture at an unknown age. Whales are estimated to reach the age of four hundred years. Some reptiles are very long-lived, an instance being furnished by a tortoise which was confined in 1633 and existed until 1753, when he perished by accident. Birds sometimes reach a great age, the eagle and the swan having been known to live one hundred years. The longevity of fishes is often remarkable. The carp has been known to live two hundred years, common river trout fifty years, and the pike ninety years; while Gesner relates that a pike caught in 1497 bore a ring recording the capture of the same fish two hundred and sixty seven years before.

REQUIREMENT.

We live by Faith; but Faith is not the slave of text and legend. Reason's voice and God's.
Nature's and Duty's, never are at odds.
What asks our Father of His children save
Justice and mercy and humility,
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see
The Master's footprints in our daily ways?—
No knotted scourge, or sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life,
Whose very breathing is unworded praise—
A life that stands, as all true lives have stood,
Fast rooted in the faith that God is good?
—[Phrenological Journal for August.

☞ "It was meant," says Hunt, in his 'Art Talks,' 'that everybody should express some plan in creation. A mosquito means something; an idiot means something. But if the mosquito tries to be a gnat, and the idiot a Daniel Webster, they have a hard time.'

☞ It is a common saying that a woman can't keep a secret as well as a man. All bosh. Why, a woman will keep a secret, that a man would forget in two hours, long enough to spread it over two counties. She never loses her grip on it till she gets it better one.—[Burlington Free Press.

Anecdotes.

☞ In a Newport boudoir: 'Oh! he is such a charming gentleman and he did not make his money in vulgar trade, either. No, indeed! He owns a bank, for I have heard people who knew him speak of it. It is in a Western city named Faro.'—[Philadelphia News.

☞ "How much did you pay for your new dress?" asked Mrs. Smith. "Eight cents a yard; they asked ten cents." "Why," said Mrs. Smith, "it's just like mine, isn't it? But I did better than you. They asked me eighteen cents, and I got it for twelve cents. I got off more than you."—[Ex.

☞ "My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer, a few days ago. "The plaintiff will swear that I hit him, I will swear that I did not. Now what can you lawyer make out of that if we go to trial?" "Five dollars apiece," was the prompt reply as he extended his hand.

☞ A boy was born on board the Bristol of the Fall River Line last Tuesday evening, en route to New York. He will be named 'Bristol' to commemorate the peculiar scene of his entrance in this world. If the baby had been a girl, no doubt she would have been named Judith—see the point?—[Boston Courier.

☞ A feminine dialogue:
'What, is it you, my dear Adrienne?'
'Ah, Jane! How do you do? How you have changed.'
'I am married.'
'Indeed! Are you happy?'
'Oh! But——and you?'
'I am a widow.'
'I have noticed that you always have more luck than I do.'

☞ A certain member of Parliament, who owned extensive estates, was spending a few days at the residence of a noble family. There were several interesting and accomplished young ladies in the family, to whom the honorable member showed every attention. Just as he was about to take leave, the nobleman's wife proceeded to consult him upon a matter which, she declared, was causing her no little distress. "It is reported," said the Countess, "that you are to marry my daughter Lucy, and what *shall* we do? What shall we say about it?" "Oh," replied the considerate M. P., with much adroitness, "just say she refused me."

Vegetine.

Reliable Evidence.

MR. H. R. STEVENS.

Dear Sir.—I will most cheerfully add my testimony to the great number you have already received in favor of your great and good medicine, VEGETINE, for I do not think enough can be said in its praise; for I was troubled over thirty years with that dreadful disease, Catarrh, and had such bad coughing spells that it would seem as though I could never breathe any more; and SORE THROAT was a part; and I do feel to thank God all the time that there is so good a medicine as VEGETINE; and I also think it is one of the best medicines for sick and weak, sinking feelings at the stomach, and advise everybody to take the VEGETINE, for I can assure them it is one of the best medicines that ever was.

MRS. L. GORE,
Corner Magazine and Wallis Streets,
Cambridge, Mass.

Further Proof.

Facts Will Tell.

GORFSTOWN, N. H., Aug. 1, 1876.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:—

Dear Sir.—Allow me to say a word in favor of VEGETINE. During the past year I have suffered from a complication of diseases. I lay in bed from the 3d of November until the middle of the following June, and on an average did not sit up two hours a week; I had eight of the best physicians in the State, but got no help, and constantly grew worse. They said my trouble was, that I had Bright's disease, dyspaemia, and kidney complaint, and could never be any better. I was reduced in weight 50 pounds, which is more than I am willing to carry.

In June, finding I was failing under the treatment of the physicians, I commenced the use of VEGETINE through the honest persuasion of friends, and, I am happy to state, with good results. I have gained ten pounds in weight, and can sit up all day, walk half a mile and ride six.

I am greatly encouraged, and shall continue using the VEGETINE if I can get it. I am a poor man, but for the truth of this statement I refer to any man in Goffstown or vicinity. Yours, very thankfully,

A. J. BURBECK.

She Rests Well.

SOUTH POLAND, Me., Oct. 11, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS.

Dear Sir.—I have been sick two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different medicines, but none of them did me any good. I was restless nights, and had no appetite. Since taking the VEGETINE I rest well and relish my food. Can recommend the VEGETINE for what it has done for me.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. ALBERT RICKER.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists. 1y28 w

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

**The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Jud

The Poet's Corner.

THE FLAG OF THE PRESS.

BY LILLIE B. BARR.

It is not of silk or of bunting,
This flag that all tyrants abhor,
It has no heraldic devices,
Of sanguine, gules, azure, vert, or.
Its colors are sable and argent;
Its elements paper and ink,
The spirits of knowledge and freedom,
And whatever such spirits may think.

And its heraldry's simple enough;
Just so many columns per page;
But in them is fought without ceasing
The battle that freedom must wage.
The warfare of good against evil,
Of weakness in suit against might,
Of ignorance seeking for knowledge,
Of wrong in contension with

It flutters in senate and palace;
Is found in the workingman's hand.
More free than the emblem of freedom,
It dares every wrong to withstand;
It cares not for king nor for kaiser;
No ukase can fold it away;
When it urges the conflict of Freedom,
When kingdoms and kings pass away.

Fly over the world paper Banner,
In thy sable and argent dress!
For the banner of Freedom is freest,
When it flies with the flag of the Press.
Fly over the armies of knowledge!
Go fourth with the armies of right!
In cottage, in palace, in senate,
Fly! Banner of Freedom and Light!

—[The Independent.

Ladies' Department.

THE MAKESHIFT COLT.

A TALE OF THE DERBY.

No, I never gamble. I don't profess a pious horror of it, or anything of that sort, you know, but I simply object to it as a waste of time, money, and temper. Not that I won't have an occasional run in ruly, with three-penny points, or so, just to give an interest to one's whist; and not that I won't put a crown on a horse or take a ticket in a social sweep-stake. But that's mere amusement; I never bet or gamble in earnest.

Why don't I? Well, for a simple reason. I once all but made a grand *coup*; I once came within the cock of a horse's ear of pulling off a very big thing—and I didn't.

What do you say? Funk! No, sir, I call it common sense. I had a chance, such as a man rarely gets more than once in his life, and fortune didn't favor me. I have reasoned it out since, and come to the conclusion that the odds against a gambler are heavier even than any one supposes. I believe that I should never have such another chance as that, and, upon the whole, it doesn't seem to me to be worth while to gamble now. I am satisfied that I am not a lucky hand in that way.

However, you shall hear the tale. Not that it's much of a story, either, but you say you would like to hear the account of my life. And this one bit of mine is really the most important incident, I think, in my whole career. For, had it gone otherwise—But there! you shall judge for yourself.

Seeing me now what I am—a flourishing tradesman in Auckland, New Zealand—you would hardly imagine how I began life. I have taken root here and prospered; I have a wife and family, as you see, and am a comfortable man. Yet, only a very few years ago my case was widely different.

Ah, yes! Eighteen seventy-two; Cremorne's year. It's a queer thing to look back on those times. Only a short ten years ago, and yet I am quite a different man.

I was a gentleman in those days, if you please, although as poor as a rat; an artist to boot, that being one of the well-known lucrative professions that needy gentlemen are so fond of adopting.

I don't say that I had much faith in my own genius. Youthful and verdant as I was then, I knew better than that. But an artist's life seemed an agreeable one to me, and I was sanguine enough to suppose that I could earn a living as a copyist and producer of pot-boilers. That was before all I looked forward to.

I dwelt in Camden Town, London, in a studio high up at the top of a house that stood in an anything but pretentious street, was practically alone in the world. For, though I had relations, I saw or knew but little of them. Being poor, and an artist, I was naturally a Bohemian, and my associates were mostly drawn from that heterogeneous stratum of society.

I was poor, as I have said, but I was not so indigent as some of my friends and acquaintances were. In their opinion, indeed, I was far too well off to thoroughly comprehend the luxuries of poverty; for I used to receive an occasional ten-pound note from one of my relatives, who, though he grumbled at my uselessness, yet always sent me what sum whenever I was so pushed as to bring myself to apply to him.

Besides that, I could earn money. There was a picture-dealer who used to give me an occasional job, to make a copy or the like. And then there were certain pawnbrokers I was aware of, who would advance sums on such pictures as I brought them. Oh, yes! that used to be a regular system then, and I daresay it is now.

This is the way of it: You paint a picture and take it to the artistic "uncle." He lends you on it a certain price, which he fixes according to the size of the picture, and with small reference to its subject or execution. If you think proper, of course, you can redeem the picture at any time within a year, or you could take a possible purchaser to view it at the shop. At the expiration of the year it becomes "uncle's" property.

Lots of us used to find that these pawnbrokers were our only patrons. They lent but a price on our paintings that, deducting the cost of materials, would leave us what might be reckoned a shilling an hour or so for our own work. And that work, as you may suppose, was far from being our best; yet with our best we could do no better.

We pawned our pot-boilers without a thought of ever "taking them out" again. In due course they passed irrevocably into Uncle's possession. What he did with them we neither knew nor cared.

Among the men I used to meet about in the studios or consort with in the bar parlor of the Brush and Palette of an evening were many whose sole means of livelihood appeared to be painting for the pawnbrokers. I had another resource, as I have mentioned—that picture-dealer out of whom I used to make wages pretty frequently. And then, there was that relative of mine, who, though he considered me to be an idle good-for-nothing, would not let me go wrong for want of a ten pound note.

I was sort of Cœsus among these out-at-elbows daubers then. They drank and smoked and ate very frequently at my expense in the free, happy style of Bohemia; and they often "borrowed" shillings and half-crowns with the careless *bonhomie* of their guild. They made much of me, and tickled my youthful vanity by pretending to take it for granted that personal talent with the brush was the real source of my comparative influence.

I had no business to call myself poor, for I had, from the various sources, a total income of over two hundred a year. Then I had a good capital in the shape of a fair stock of such things as a young artist requires, an extensive wardrobe, some furniture and books. I was comfortable enough in my humble studio, which also was my living-room, with a small bed-room adjoining it. There was no reason why I should have felt poverty, but I did.

Like most inexperienced youngsters, I had but the vaguest ideas of the value of money. Moreover, I was extravagant, never stinting my expenditure, and wasting a lot more money than I could afford at the Brush and Palette and similar places. I was always in arrears, and worst of all, I fell into a sad way of betting on races.

Now, goody-goody people would say that such a thing was impossible and incomprehensible; but I swear to you that what led me to take to betting and gambling with more than ordinary zeal was the purest and holiest incentive man could have.

A woman, of course, you say. Well, yes, but a girl rather than a woman she was then. Lucy was the daughter of a small tradesman, a druggist in Camden Town. I had made her acquaintance in some informal way, and had gradually wormed myself into the confidence of the family. I was madly in love with Lucy, who—well, I won't attempt to describe her, for certain reasons not far off as just now. Suffice it, she was, like Tradles' Sophy, "the dearest girl in the world."

Many visits to the little household, and various little trips to Richmond or Epping Forest, play-going, and what not in her company, had the usual effect. I told Lucy of my love, and she consented to become my wife.

Now, had I been free from debt, there was really no reason why we should not have married at once. I had as much as many a curate marries upon. But then I was in debt; I had duns and difficulties, no present means of making my domicile fit for a wife, and, above all, my little income was somewhat precarious. Then I had no particular prospects to look forward to.

Lucy's father, like most men of his class in London, particularly if blest with a large family, as he was, hardly said either yea or nay to the matter. He allowed us to judge for ourselves. I was a gentleman, he said—meaning thereby an honest man—and meant to act straight by his girl; so what more was there for him to say?

Well, by the spring of 1872 our engagement had continued for some months, and I was daily getting more deeply involved by reason of my pursuit of luck. I betted on every event, hoping to pull myself up that way, but only with the result of throwing away the best part of what I earned.

Things were in this state shortly before the Derby. I was going on in a bad way. I knew that something must be done before long. I knew that I must carve out a new path for myself somehow; that I must contrive some fresh plan, or go without Lucy, and also go to universal smash. Yet what to do I did not know. I waited, in a hopelessly hopeful condition, for something to turn up. I put trouble and worry away from me, and would have none of it.

Do you not know that curious dreamy condition you get into sometimes, when you refuse to allow yourself to think of the future? You live in a kind of unreal reality, to use a paradoxical expression. The present you make to occupy your thoughts entirely. You wait for the unexpected.

Well, that was my case then. I was as gay as ever. I made merry with my friends as usual, and talked to my Luuy—God forgive me!—as if I were coming into ten thousand a year the next week. Meanwhile I threw off daub after daub, until even my accommodatir "uncle" looked suspicious and hesitating, and nearly all the resulting cash was put on horses whose names had been mysteriously confided to me as those of certain winners.

I was not very heavily booked for the Derby, as it happened, not having much available cash, and having intended to put 'something on' on the day before the race. An uncomfortable assurance was with me of impending trouble. I felt that the crisis of my fortunes was close at hand.

However, before anything unpleasant occurred, an unexpected something turned up. It came in the person of my friend, Mr. James O'Hooligan.

Jimmy O'Hooligan was a boisterous Irishman, very well known in the Bohemia of London at that time. He was a middle-aged man, of somewhat handsome appearance, and carrying himself with a military air. He possessed a glib tongue, an amazing fund of anecdote, had a musical voice and ear, and all the social advantages of one who has kissed the Stone of Blarney. Need I add that Jimmy was extremely popular with both the ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance?

He got his living in one of those mysterious ways common to Bohemia. Sometimes he sat as a model in the studios of such artists as could afford the luxury, in this way he may have earned a good deal at times—for models are often very well paid—and he has figured in many a character on the walls of Burlington House.

Jimmy seemed to be known by everybody. He hung about newspaper offices, particularly those of a sporting character. He was admitted behind the scenes at theatres. He was on the free-list at every music hall. He knew every prominent member of the 'fancy' and the P. R., and all over London he was hailed as a cherished friend by publicans and bar-maids.

These characteristics threw a romantic halo over Jimmy, to my young and somewhat verdant mind. Moreover, he was the life and soul of every party he got among, though a rather vulgar, coarse, and disreputable soul, it must be admitted. But he was a frequent visitor to the studios of Camden Town, and was quite one of our free-and-easy fraternity.

It was the Monday morning before the Derby, that race, as every one knows, being run on a Wednesday. I was sitting in my studio at work, knocking off one of those wide experiments in color which took but a day to complete, and upon which 'uncle' would advance me fifteen shillings or a pound, half of that being profit or earnings to me, the balance covering cost of canvas, colors and frame. In the midst of my work there entered to me the O'Hooligan.

Evidently something was amiss in the wind, Jimmy's entrance was dramatically impressive. Cautiously projecting his head and shoulders through the half-opened doorway, he asked:

'Are ye alone?'

I was, and said so. Then he slid slowly into the room, like a snake, holding the door as closely as was compatible with the passage of his body. Once inside, he quickly closed the door and locked it; then he turned and faced me, standing still, with his back against the door, and summoning into his face a look of intense excitement. He seemed to be laboring under the pressure of some tremendous secret, which was struggling to force its way out of him.

Suddenly he crossed the room toward me with long, slow strides, and on tiptoe, holding up a warning finger the while, and literally gleaming on me with fixed meaning eyes. Laying his hands on my shoulders, he whispered hoarsely:

'Our fortune's made!'

Then he stood back and eyed me.

'Oh, indeed,' I said, for I knew Jimmy. 'Another straight tip, I suppose?'

'Another!' he shrieked. 'The straight tip, me bhoy. The straighitest that ivver—there! eighties to wan! a hundred to wan! and sartin as the fate av sinners!'

I struggled desperately against the contagion of Jimmy's manner, for I knew by experience what it all meant. I said:

'Look here, old man, I've had about enough of your tips. They never come off, you know!'

'Ah, now, sees here! Ye've been playin' at bettin'—no more. I gave ye tips, 'tis true, and they didn't come off. That's partly the reason why I'm givin' ye this, to make up for thim others. I'm in airnest, this time!'

He was, apparently. His eyes were dancing and glittering in his head, his hands demonstrating, and his whole person indicative of eagerness. He could hardly speak, so strong was his agitation. I began to feel the excitement extending to myself, and knew that I was destined to give way to it.

'See, now,' he continued, 'I've surprised wan av the deadest saycrets av the turf, wan av the biggest things that's iver been, or will yet be, and I'll make our fortunes if we'd ownly enough to put on. It's a plant that's just goin' to make this Derby the most astoundin' wan ivver run!

'No! It don't matther how I got it. I can't tell even you that. But I said to meself, ye've got to keep this thing dark. There's just wan chum ye're goin' to take in wid yer. Him an' you's goin' in on this thing, an' goin' to do the biggest shtroke that iver ye'll git the chance of yer whole lives! I've put on every blessed penny I'm worth, an' here I am, me bhoy!'

It was no use trying to keep calm. His excitement mastered me, and I felt that, come weal or woe, I had to do as he wished. He went on:

'Whisper now—it's a solemn sacred saycret between us two, remember that! Did ye ivver hear av the Makeshift Colt? No; ye didn't, nor nobody else. But I tell ye, that's the horse that's goin' to win this year's Derby.

'Oh, ye needn't look at the lists; he's not in the bettin' at all—not yit, anyway. They've held that coult back, an' kept'm as dark's the back of Hades. An' now, thim as is in the sayeret, they're goin' round takin' the odds on the quiet.

'There's no one knows a word av it outside the stable, barrin' me an' you. The bookmakers 'll just give anny odds at all about the horse; they don't know his name yit, even!'

And so on, and so on, till, after an hour's talk, I was as completely persuaded as any one could wish, and yielded myself up entirely to the fever of which O'Hooligan was the present exponent. I soon saw that he was thoroughly in earnest himself, and it was not long before I was as mad on the subject as he. I saw that I had got a means, at last, for relieving myself of my difficulties, providing myself with actual capital, and for making my marriage with Lucy an immediate possibility.

'Sell ivery blessed stick!' Sweep out the whole bag o' tricks! Pawn the coat aff yer back! An' crack the bilin' on to the Makeshift Colt!' was Jimmy's advice.

I found on inquiry that I had, curiously enough, drawn 'the field' in a big sweepstakes at the Brush and Palette. As the Makeshift Colt was a name unknown to the lists, it had not been put among those drawn, and consequently it belonged to me as holder of 'the field' ticket.

'That's yours, thin, anyway,' said Jimmy, referring to the sweep. I accepted this drawing, for my own part, as an omen of success. I was thoroughly with Jimmy now.

I had little enough money; but I quickly sold or pawned every available article that I owned, even going so far as to raise money upon the few bits of furniture and studio effects that I had. I made up a purse of about 40 sovereigns, which really represented every stick or rag in my possession, except what I stood upright in.

Then my Irish monitor and myself proceeded to visit certain bookmakers. A remark that the first of them made to us was substantially repeated by the rest.

'Never heard of your fancy till this morning. Gave a hundred against him to one or two parties that came to get on him. Had to look up the Guide' to see if there was such a horse at all. But can't give quite the long price again. Make it eighties to one for you.'

I put on thirty pounds at these odds, and I also 'placed' the colt at fifteen to one, putting on seven pounds in that way. Jimmy was enraptured; for if the colt carried off the event I should win £2,600—a mint of money in our eyes. He himself had put on all he could raise—how much exactly I do not know.

'It's a foine time we'll be havin' presently,' he said. 'Won't the boys open their eyes whin you an' me shows our pile? An' see fwhat a base of operations we'll have! Be the mother av Moses, we'll be millionaires yit! Good luck to the coult!'

I confess I had my misgivings, although the gambling fever had come over me and impelled me to risk my little all upon this horse. To me it was a grand coup indeed. It meant so much, you see; for either I should come out an actual capitalist, possessor of a sum that to me seemed almost boundless wealth—'a base of operations,' as Jimmy called it—or I should be completely and utterly broken.

You may imagine the state of mind I was in—at one moment seeing a simply golden prospect before me, anon seized with the dissatisfied doubts and fears. And the following day my excitement grew bigger yet, for in all the papers the Makeshift Colt was now, for the first time, quoted in the betting, and apparently he had come into favor, as the price against him had fallen to forties to one. Still more reassuring was the fact that two sporting papers gave the Makeshift Colt as one of their three probable winners. The secret was a secret no longer.

I now got into a wild delirious ecstacy of expectation. You can well imagine how I felt. I went so far as to telegraph to that relative of mine, alleging that I was in want, and had sore need of his help. I also borrowed some five pounds here and there, and 'cracked it on' with the rest.

My relative evidently smelled a rat, however. He was a man of the world, as the phrase goes, and had a low opinion of me, which I am now open to confess was not wholly unwarranted. He wired in reply:

'Believe you want to bet on Derby. Will send ten pounds, but not until Saturday morning, when expect it.'

However, on showing his telegram to the landlord of the Brush and Palette, that worthy publican readily advanced me the ten pounds. I thus 'sold' my kind relative, you will observe, through the instrumentality of the general guide, philosopher, and friend of good Bohemians.

At last came the eventful morning, and Jimmy and I found ourselves in a brake with some dozen others, driving from our 'pub' down to Epsom. I need not say that I had put on the bulk of my ten pounds, getting forty to one, and eight to one for a 'shog,' a long price still; but the colt had not come into general favor much, and, indeed, actually started at little below those odds.

Ah! I don't think I shall ever forget that day. No, sir! The fearful agitation I was in impressed every detail of it indelibly on my memory. Consider. I stood to win three thousand pounds, which meant to me a wife, a home, substance, comfort, respectability, a business. On the other hand, a black abyss of woe seemed to open to my imagination.

We stood on the hill opposite the grand stand and watched the preparations for the race. Jimmy the boisterous had suddenly quieted down into a grim, white-faced, eager-eyed silent spectator. I was so agitated that I had to lie on the turf. My head swam round, my heart palpitated forcibly, I shook all over as if I had a palsy.

Among the mass of horses marshalling into rank for the start we had eyes but for one. Among the many hues of their jockeys' silk, we sought out the colors that signified our particular choice. Purple and yellow, there they were, and we gazed at them feverishly, for the noble animal that bore them carried also our hopes and fears.

They are off! The race has begun, and the decision of my fate is at hand. I see the brilliant bed of colors stream past and away. I hear the intense murmur of the crowd, and I stand, as a gambler stands, awaiting the issue of the die.

Oh, Derby day! how it all comes back to me, though ten eventful years have passed since that day! Surely, such a terrible agitation of mind as shook me then is madness—madness, neither more nor less.

The field comes sweeping round the Corner,' tailed off into extended line; and down the hill toward home come the horses, in one long tumultuous mass. A jockey, whose colors are scarlet and yellow, bright and vivid, leads the way, working with bit and spur and whip, and seeming to carry his steed on beneath him. Two others are close behind; but their colors are strange to my straining eyes.

Great Heavens! Where is the Makeshift Colt? Where is the racer to whom I have pinned my faith? As the foremost horses come in sight I hear the tremendous, frenzied roar that bursts up from the mighty concourse of spectators. For a moment my heart seems to stop beating. It is death to me to hear that shout:

'Cremorne! Cremorne! Cremorne wins!'

But no! Out from the ruck of horses behind, just as they came down Tattenham Corner, one draws to the front—a dark horse, brown or black, ridden by a jockey in colors that are a heaven of hope to my sight. Oh! no, Black and Purple! On, Makeshift Colt!

The dark horse forges ahead, passes the two behind the foremost, lies on the flank of Red and Yellow. Even in the terrible excitement I notice a dropping in the roars of the mighty crowd, a sort of falter or perplexity—for few know what horse Black and Purple rides. I hear a man near me hoarsely exclaim:

'What the —— horse is that?'

I know, and I leap up in a mad thrill of delight. As the striving racers flash before us, I see two in the rear, the one chestnut and yellow is doing all he knows, but, on his flank, drawing up to him closer and closer, nearer and nearer, forging ahead till they ride neck and neck, comes my noble Black and Purple. He is coming up! he is passing Red and Yellow! He is gaining a foot in every yard! He wins! He wins! Black and Purple forever.

The race is over. The fierce turmoil of shouting thousands boils up around us. The two horses have passed the post so close together that no one knows which has won. We wait some moments in agonized suspense, till the numbers go up upon the board. At last they appear: 1, Cremorne, 2, Makeshift Colt; 3, I know not what, for I sink almost fainting to the ground.

Half a neck has done it. Had our horse put on the spurt a moment sooner he would have won. Had the course been ten yards longer the decision would have been reversed. Oh, if—if—if—and I have lost!

O'Hooligan is beside me. He stands with his hands thrust down deep into his pockets, his face is pale, and his lips set together; he gazes vacantly into the distance.

'Shot in the back again!' he murmurs hoarsely, with a oath. 'Come on, me boy! Rouse yerself! Come an' let's liquor, any way!'

I crawl dejectedly after him to the tent, for my mouth is as dry as a lime-burner's wig.

Well, that event was the turning-point of my life. That bad luck has been the making of me. I will tell you how in as few words as possible.

I awoke the next morning in the most utterly depressed and dispirited condition. I had a racking headache, of course, for, equally of course, I had got most consumedly drunk after the race. Perhaps that was natural under the circumstances. Mind and body were in torture. I felt gloomy enough to do something dreadful. I was utterly ruined; I had no prospects; everything I had possessed was mine no longer. I had not even the means left to earn my subsistence with. In a day or two more my very bed would be seized and I should be turned into the street.

My mind was a little confused, you see. I had totally forgotten one thing, and it was lucky I had, perhaps. Not until late in the day did I remember that I had backed the Makeshift Colt for a place. So overwhelming was my misery at losing the £3,000 I had reckoned on, and losing it by such a narrow squeak, that I had clean forgotten the saving bet.

I had turned into the Brush and Palette moodily to seek what solace I might find there. Suddenly some sovereigns were thrust into my hand, and I was told the money was the second prize in the sweepstakes, wherein I had drawn 'the field,' as you may remember.

Ah, it was a fine revulsion of feeling I then experienced. I cheered up wonderfully when I recollected how I really stood. Things were by no means so black as I had thought. As a matter of fact, I had actually won over a hundred pounds.

That drove me back from the drink just in time. More, it led me to reflect. I conceived a disgust at gambling and betting from that time, and I resolved never to take to the same courses again.

I believe it was the luckiest thing in the world that the horse I backed was beaten by Cremorne. If I had won, and I had landed that big prize, I should have been a confirmed gambler all my days. Of that I am certain. I should have come to eventual smash, when there was no possibility of recovering from it. And, likely as not, I should have dragged my poor Lucy into the mire with me.

That very day after the Derby, as I was reading the accounts in the paper of how the great race had so nearly been carried off by the rankest of rank outsiders, my eyes lit upon an advertisement. It was a call for emigrants to go out to New Zealand.

That decided me. I had a hundred pounds in hand, and with it I resolved to emigrate. I resolved to throw gentility to the winds, to quit the dangerous Bohemia of London, to give up my foolish dreams of an artistic profession, and to try what manful industry might do for me at the Antipodes. I resolved to conquer my own failings, to concentrate my energies, and to seek fortune in a new land.

Within a month I had bidden a hopeful *au revoir* to Lucy, had been the recipient of a farewell supper at the Brush and Palette, and was an 'assisted emigrant' in the steerage of the good ship Rangitiki, bound for Auckland.

Of course, I had hardish times at first. Who hasn't? Chopping fire-wood, mending and making roads, carrying a hod, driving cattle—these were some of my occupations; and little enough could I earn at them. But by and by my old profession stood me in good service.

One day I accidentally overheard a hotel-keeper stating his wish to have a signboard on his house. He lamented his inability to find a man who could paint it properly, and said he would willingly stand five pounds for what he wanted. I offered to do the job if materials were found me, and, after some demur, I was allowed to try my hand specuiatively.

Before I had finished the sign the satisfied 'boss' commissioned me to decorate his saloon. Orders came in upon me thick and fast for similar work, and I soon found myself earning six or eight pounds every week.

Well, to make a long story short, within a few months I was foreman of a house-fitting firm in the city, and before a year was over I was a partner in the concern and doing a thriving business. In three years from the time of my leaving England I was able to send money home to Lucy. The dear girl came out at once and is now my wife.

I have prospered amazingly. At home I could never have been more than a picture dealer's hack. Here I hold no inconsiderable position in the city, my business as a house decorator having gone ahead and absorbed into it various kindred branches of trade.

Perhaps I cannot call myself a gentleman any longer. On the other hand, I am not a broken-down Bohemian. Look at my family, sir, at my prosperity! Look at this shop of mine in Queen street, and say have I not cause to be thankful that the Makeshift Colt did not win the Derby?

That's my story.—[London Society.

THE WOMEN OF BURMAH.

[Harper's Bazar.]

The Burmese women before they become mothers are noted for their well-proportioned though small figures. To one accustomed to seeing the regular features so prevalent amongst the many pretty Indian girls, the Mongol-like features of their Burmese sisters look ugly and repellant, but after a while this impression wears off; the women of the country have many pretty little ways and they are very cleanly. Their hands and feet are small and well shaped, arms symmetrical, the head well put on the neck; their carriage is erect; they allow no hair to grow anywhere except on their heads, where it is most luxuriant, and is taken the greatest care of, tied up a la chinoise, with a wreath or garland of flowers entwined; they disfigure their ears, which are naturally small and pretty, by boring huge holes in the lobes, and wear in them either gold or amber cylindrical-shaped earrings; they cover themselves over with necklets, bracelets, rings, etc., and the Burmese gold and silver smith are nearly as good as those in Cuttack, Trichinopoiy or Delhi.

A Burmese girl who wishes to kiss passes her nose up against a face and sniffs! She is a boru coquet, and will spend hours in adorning her person. Their dress consists of a very tight jacket to support the bust, and a loose and flowing jacket over for show; a gaudy scarf hangs down over the shoulders from the waist they wear either a [illegible]-colored silk thamine, which exposes the whole of one leg half-way up the thigh, or a "longie," which is more decent, being a sort of petticoat, fastened round the waist and exposing no part of the leg. All the women smoke and chew betel-nut, but have nice, white, even teeth; they can swim, as a rule, and delight in dabbling in water, and invariably bathe once, perhaps oftener, during the day.

The Burmese seldom have more than one wife, and she reigns supreme in the house, and conducts the purchase or sale of all necessaries. A girl's great ambition is to have a stall in a bazar; it is her introduction into society, and is equivalent to our own girls being brought out. They are a merry, pleasant race, and many of the fourth Seikha, when they returned to the Punjab, took back with them Burmese girls, preferring them as wives to their own fair comelier women.

There is not a prettier sight in the world than a crowd gathered round a pagoda on a gala day, with the men resplendent in gorgeous apparel, the women and children in their best, pretty, plump, well-made figures, smiling faces, banners streaming, flags flying, backed by the beauty of the scenery and the grand proportions of their numerous pagodas; these occasions the people are as merry as crickets, are constantly on the move, and thoroughly enjoy themselves. The women cannot as a rule either read or write, for their priests are not allowed to teach them. A few have been educated by well-meaning missionaries, but whether from coming in contact with native children, or some other reason, these girls too often are not as well conducted as their more ignorant sisters.

Every Burmese girl is a born actress and delights in taking a part in a poey, or national drama. There is no stigma attached to women who take a part in these performances, as there is to dancing girls in India, and they are invariably well-conducted, modest girls. Like the men, the women are inveterate gamblers; at a boat or pony race the men and women bet together freely, and often a girl, after losing all she possesses, will stake herself against what she considers her value, and if she lose, she follows the winner, and becomes his wife or concubine, for the two are nearly synonymous in Burmah. On the slightest provocation a Burmese will commit suicide, generally by means of opium, which, thanks to a paternal government, can be purchased without restriction in every bazar.

GRANT ON LEE'S SURRENDER.

Gen. Grant, in speaking of the meeting of himself and Gen. Lee when the latter came to arrange with him the terms of surrender, said that they shook hands as old comrades in the army, and first talked over West Point experiences and those of their army life at the same stations elsewhere, in a matter-of-course way, as if they had met again under ordinary circumstances. Then, when Gen. Lee said to him: "Gen. Grant, we come here, each representing our own country, to treat with each other." "Not so," firmly said Gen. Grant; "we do not represent two countries, but one." He said that more than once. When Gen. Lee used the same form of expression he interrupted him, insisting that but one nation was represented by both of them. His whole idea, as understood by his auditors, was to convey to Gen. Lee the impression that it was not two foreign nations that had warred against each other, but a paternal government, which, having sufficiently chastised a naughty child, was willing to forgive and receive the child again as a child on conciliatory terms. Gen. Grant said that he sat down at the table in the memorable McClean farmhouse and wrote out the terms of the surrender, and that when Gen. Lee saw them and he (Gen. Grant) said to him: "Let your officers and men keep their horses; we don't want them and they will need them, for it will soon be time for them to begin their farming and they will want the horses to help them; I want all of you to take your horses home with you." Gen. Lee's eyes filled with tears, and he said more than once, as he read the terms of the surrender, "This will have a splendid effect at the South." Gen. Grant further said to him: "Now this war should be all over. You, with your influence at the South, should see to it that not another gun is fired, not another life lost. After this a life lost in any fight would be murder, and you can prevent it." Gen. Lee answered, "Well, I will speak to Mr. Davis about it." Gen. Grant, in telling the story, added: "If that had been Jo Johnston instead of Lee, we would never have said that. He would himself have assumed the responsibility of declaring that the war should be over on his side, as I did on mine, but Lee did not like to take the responsibility of making that pledge to stop the fighting at once until he had consulted with Davis."—[Long Branch Letter to Philadelphia Times.

A DAY ON THE SUDBURY RIVER MEADOWS.

BY C. P. CRERY.

[Lowell Journal.]

The clouds drift slowly o'er the sky,
But dense and black to westward lie,
Assuring with the east wind's chill
A splendid day for pickerel.
With early breakfast off we tramp
Through woods, green fields and pastures damp,
'Till on a gentle height we stand
And view the waving meadow land.
The river gained, we launch our boat
And slowly down its current float.
On every hand the flattened mound
Reminds us of the muskrat's ground;
While button bush and tall grass hide
The small lagoons that lay outside,
Where wild ducks in the fading light
Seek shelter through the summer night,
And on the borders gaily swings
The black-bird with his scarlet wings.
Beyond in lowest meadow lands
Some inches deep the water stands;
Where bitterns in the early day
The words "plum pudden" plainly say,
Arising oft with awkward flight
To seek new shelter out of sight.
We idly drift adown the stream,
Half lost in a delicious dream,
'Till, roused, we fish on either shore,
Slow moving with a silent oar.
Now trolling with the greatest heed
Through lily pads and snake-head weed,
Until a whirlpool near is seen
Beside some floating pads of green.
The bait moves off with race-horse speed,
And down beside a quivering reed
Is swallowed with a gourmand's greed.
A twitch sends through my frame a thrill,
The hook is fast in the red-fringed gill
Of a steel and gold-hued pickerel,
And drawn aboard with hearty will;
And as we view him o'er and o'er
About his weight we speculate,
But set him at a pound or more
And vainly try to catch his mate.
Then onward row, new fields to glean,
Seeking with vision doubly keen
For every spot to drop our bait
Where hungry pickerel silent wait.
We troll until the sun breaks through
The clouds and dries the meadow dew;
And then within our well-filled creel
A satisfying look we steal.

'Tis dinner time, and back we row—
Our pulses high, our cheeks aglow
With keen excitement of the day,
And build a fire the Indian way.
The fish are dressed, the salt applied,
And in the pan lay side by side.
And spatter lond while being fried.
Meanwhile upon a napkin spread,
Are crackers, cheese, and home-made bread,
While water from a meadow spring
With hasty steps I quickly bring.
The dainty meal, so rare and sweet,
With relish keen we quickly eat;
Using our hands for knife and fork,
With very little table talk,
As appetites so keenly whet
Banish the thought of etiquette.

Our savory dinner at an end,
I sit me down an hour to spend
Beneath the willow's green arcade,
Where rests the noon tide's cooling shade,
With distant stretch of meadow view
Hemmed in by sky of misty blue
And wooded heights of purplish hue.
In early summer verdure dressed,
Fair Goodman's hill looms up to west;
Upon whose sloping sides serene
The cattle in the shade are seen,
And checkered fields of brown and green.
Near by the Old Haynes Garrison
Is basking in the noonday sun—
An ancient landmark in decay,
Reminder of King Philip's day.
Southeast the Wayland village stands,
Down sloping to the meadow lands,
With generous growth of spreading trees,
Through whose green tops the summer breeze
Makes music like the hum of bees;
While in the back-grounds green hills lie
Like battlements against the sky.

But rested from the morning's sport,
Again we quickly leave the port
And glide adown the stream to try
Our fortune with the smaller fry.
The turtles on the banks to sun
Have climbed, but vanish one by one;
While dragon-flies with colors gay
Dart to and fro as boats that skirt our way.
Arriving at the fishing goal,
We fasten to an alder pole,
Then rig our lines and cast them in,
When spiteful nibblings soon begin.
A moment, and the hooks are bare;
The next a shiner cleaves the air
With silver-spangled coat of mail,
A rare bait for a pickerel trail;
Anon I disengage the prize,
And with my hook in worm disguise
Soon draw from out the placid stream
My childhood's pet, the sunny bream,
Whose gravelly nests I'll ne'er forget
On shores of dear old Assabet,
Where oft within some beached retreat
Her wares laved my willing feet.
The sun is low but still we wait
For perch to take the tempting bait,
Or pouts secure a noble one
Whose sides gleam in the setting sun;
Another and another still—
'Twill take not long our creel to fill.
The sun, just sinking from our sight
Upon the crimson couch of night,
Suffuses all the west with light.
The white sleeved farmers on the shores
Have left the fields to do their chores,
And Co! Co! Co! distinct and clear
Is heard upon the hill sides near,
While at the open barn-yard gate
The ruddy milkers patient wait.
Not yet has ceased the robin's trill
In apple orchard on the hill,
And far away in forest drear,
The song of whippoorwill I hear.
As darkness of the night steals on
The pleasant home-lights, one by one,
Gleam out through clustering vines and trees
And twinkle with the stirring breeze,
While o'er the meadows, dark and damp,
The fire fly lights his cheerful lamp.
Along the stream a fog-bank lies,
And far to eastward greets our eyes
The moon, as up the Weston hills
She wheels, and soon the valley fills
With shadows weird, while far away
A cloud obscures the lingering day.
Along whose crests the lightnings play.
Again on shore we homeward steer,
While muttering thunders greet the ear,
And soon, secure from dews and damp,
Are seated round the evening lamp,
Recounting as our tea is quaffed
The joyous scenes of river craft.

NIAGARA FALLS AS IT IS.

After breakfast one morning I strolled down to see the falls, and found them very much as they were last year, and the year before, and the year before that, except that every season the visitor is kept a little further away from them unless he pays an admission fee. An immense body of water rushes over the precipice every minute,—so it is stated on good authority,—and I see no reason to doubt it. There is more going over this season than usual, because the water in the river and in the lakes is higher. My early morning visit to the falls started up a variety of emotions, if they may be dignified by such a name. They were principally envy, surprise, disgust and admiration. The falls themselves had nothing to do with any of these feelings, but the surroundings brought them all to the front. I envied the wind and water, because they are the only things that are allowed to stir abroad here without paying tribute to the immense sharks that bask in the Niagara sun, with their tails in the railway station and their fins splashing in the river. It was a surprise that visitors should be allowed to see a clear stretch of more than 200 feet of the rapids above the falls without encountering either a ticket office or a toll-gate. Disgust was exceedingly prominent over the way every visitor to the greatest waterfall in the world is taken in and skinned. But it is impossible to go there without being filled with admiration, not necessarily for the falls, but for the masterly way in which the natives have managed to fence in every bit of natural scenery, every point from which a view is to be had, and charge the visitor well for going to it. It is impossible not to respect these people. What they do they do well. When they set out to rob a man they take his last cent. They are artists and love their art. I have been mildly and delicately swindled in a great many summer resorts, but I never found anything anywhere to equal the cool rascality and copperfaced cheek of the miscreants who attach themselves to a visitor in the Niagara Falls station and dog his shadow as long as he is within their reach. In this list of honor or allow me to include not alone the hackmen, who, poor fellows, only follow the example of their betters, but also the hotel proprietors, the tradesmen, and every man, woman or child who makes a living out of the summer visitors. They are a set of cormorants, the whole lot of them.—[Letter to New York Times.

THE GROUND BIRD AND THE OVEN BIRD.

[Boston Transcript.]

On some still day in summer, after the first flowers of spring have faded, if we take a stroll along the borders of an oak wood, the heat of noonday prompts us to rest awhile upon some shady knoll. Here the small "kalmia" with its roseate clusters of flowers is interspersed in the green plats of whortle-berries and sweet ferns; and pedate violets, the latest species in flower, are scattered in tufts of azure and gold upon the native greensward. The scene is wholly wild, and beautiful as wild. While reclining there in a half-meditative, half-observing mood, we hear a frequent rustling among the dry oak leaves. It is not like that of a squirrel when he leaps across the stubble to climb the next tree for his repast of nuts, but a more continued scratching. Suddenly a little bird is seen saucily whistling about; he utters a single cry, like "che-wee," then disappears among the low bushes.

This bird is the ground robin. He wears a head-dress and epaulettes of glossy black; the remainder of his gear is checkered white and chestnut. "Che-wink" is his common name, derived from the resemblance of his complaining note to those syllables. Though seldom visiting cultivated grounds, he is not more shy than a song sparrow; for when you are seated near the place of his nest, he does not hide himself. He keeps on scratching among the dry leaves in quest of insects, occasionally appearing from under the bushes, crying "che-wee," flirting about the place a few seconds, then quietly resuming his search for insects. This bird takes his food chiefly from the ground, very seldom from the branches or foliage of trees. He spends all the early part of the season in the world is taken in and skinned. But turning over the decayed leaves that cover the surface, and conceal and harbor great quantities of insects.

Later in the season, when the summer sun has transformed the pearly white flower of the low blueberry bush into clusters of azure fruit, bands of children come with their baskets to gather the harvest. The chewink soon joins the little party; his early supplies of insect food are partially exhausted, and Nature invites him to her feast of berries. The blue racemes hanging profusely from the small branches of these myrtle-like shrubs invite him to partake. He perches on the low branch of a tree, and totally unembarassed by the presence of the children, inspired rather by their lively prattle, he calls out in musical accents—

Chip che-wee, we, wee, we, wee.

The children listen to those sweet notes, in connection with the beauty and fragrance and cheerfulness of the scenes around them, and become impressed with a sound that will never be forgotten.

These notes, though slightly plaintive, are exceeding cheerful and are allied with the accompanying wild scenery, because they are never heard elsewhere. They bring vividly to mind the sultry summer noon, the fragrance of the birches that nod